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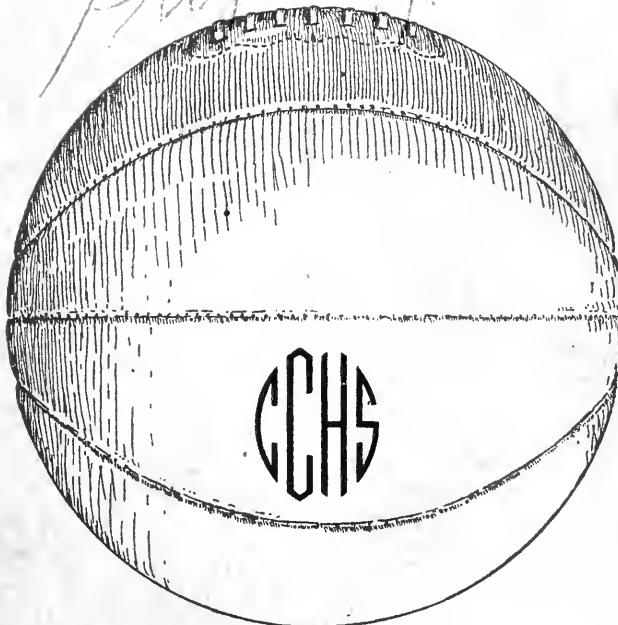


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Tournament Number

Volume 9	:-:	May 1924	:-:	Number 3
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA				

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BROTHER DANIEL

*Honored by Bishop,
Priests and Laity*

Silver Jubilee Service at Cathedral—Program Given at School.

(By Helen May Irwin)

Rounding out a quarter of a century of untiring activity in the field of pedagogy was for Brother Daniel, C. S. C., the occasion of a notable silver jubilee celebration in this city on the feast of St. Joseph. Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph Alerding, many priests and laymen united their efforts in fittingly honoring the devoted educator who is a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame, and principal of the Central Catholic high school established in this city by Bishop Alerding. Though Brother Daniel was reluctant that he be accorded any special recognition, it was deemed markedly appropriate by those sponsoring the program. With the cordial approbation and encouragement of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and through the generous assistance of Rev. Thomas M. Conroy,

rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, faculty members and students, the series of events marking the day's observance were made possible.

Desirous of honoring Brother Daniel and giving evidence of appreciation of the efforts made to commemorate the day, officials of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, sent three representatives: Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., head of Lemonnier library; Brother Ephrem, C. S. C., former teacher here, now located at DuJarie Institute, Notre Dame; and Brother Florence, C. S. C., Provincial-treasurer.

Featuring the silver jubilee impressive services were held at the Cathedral at 9 a. m., followed by a program at 10:30 o'clock in the high school study hall. Prelates and priests participating included: Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John H. Oechtering, rector of St. Mary's church and Vicar General of the Diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. A. E. LaFontaine, diocesan school superintendent; Rev. John Edward Dillon, diocesan chancellor; Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, rector of the Cathedral, and his assistants, Rev. John A. Dapp and Rev. Theodore V. Fettig; Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, rector of St. Patrick's, and his first assistant, Rev. John G. Bennett; Rev. Basil A. Didier, C. PP. S., pastor of the Church of the Most Precious Blood, and his assistant, Rev. Anthony Meyer, C. PP. S.; Rev. Ladislaus Szczukowski, pastor of St. Hyacinth's; Rev. Jesse Lothamer, of Columbia City; Rev. Paul A. Welch, Arcola; Rev. Michael J. Aichinger, New Haven; Rev. Robert J. Halpin, Kendallville; Rev. Nicholas Allgeier, Besancon.

Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., was celebrant of the solemn high mass cele-

brated at the Cathedral and which was attended by a congregation that filled the church, the high school boys occupying main aisle pews. Rev. M. J. Aichinger assisted as deacon at the jubilee services; Rev. Jesse Lothamer, sub-deacon, and Rev. Theodore V. Fettig, master of ceremonies. The work of the men's and boys' choir under the direction of Rev. John A. Dapp was excellent. Professor Fred Binder presided at the organ. Immediately preceding the singing of the *Te Deum*, Father Conroy briefly addressed the congregation. The rector stated that the Mass was in thanksgiving for the blessings God has bestowed upon the jubilarian and that the occasion was also one which cause the young men to think seriously on religious vocations, expressing the hope that there would be many accessions to the priesthood and the brotherhood. Altars were redolent with roses and lilies and the sanctuary adorned with palms for the festive occasion.

Under the direction of their president, Arthur Zuber, Junior classmen served as ushers both at the church and high school. As they passed from the church in stately ranks, the 200 or more young men presented a striking appearance and were the subject of admiring comment on the part of many observing them. Brother Daniel, who followed the students, was accompanied by Leo Hartman and Lawrence Berghoff, Jr. The procession ended at the high school, where many guests assembled for the jubilee entertainment, practically every available seat being occupied when the services opened. American flags and the school colors, gold and blue, combined in the decoration of the auditorium. Bishop Alerding and the priests were escorted from the rec-

tory to the hall by John Martin, Arthur Zuber, Francis Corbett and Robert Tucker, officers of the senior, junior, sophomore and freshmen classes. A number of the Sisters of Providence and the young ladies from St. Augustine's academy were present. As a prelude to the program the C. C. H. S. orchestra entertained with four selections. Carl J. Weber, of the Class of '83, a most loyal alumnus and devoted friend of the jubilarian, presided as chairman. His eloquent address was followed with appreciative interest and by request is presented elsewhere in this issue of the Echo.

Charles Loney, in behalf of the students, delivered the address of congratulation, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the life, labors and influence of Brother Daniel. The Senior and Sophomore glee clubs found much favor with their vocal selections, the young men responding to an encore. Carl Pequignot in an appropriate poem addressed Brother Daniel on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry to the brotherhood and in the name of the students made presentation of a fine Victrola, upon which was played "A Perfect Day." John Martin, senior class president, read a letter from Grand Knight John J. Disser, conveying congratulations of Fort Wayne Council of the Knights of Columbus and tendering Brother Daniel a check for \$100 to be applied on a radio outfit.

In Brother Daniel's response to the cordial congratulations of Chairman Weber and Charles Loney and the presentation of the school gift—a fine Victrola—there was much to interest and entertain his large audience. "I am glad," he said, "to have the opportunity to thank you all especially for the spiritual celebration in the Cathedral this morning." He expressed

gratitude to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, local and visiting priests, community members, sisters, students and friends in general for the interest manifested in his anniversary. Unostentatiously he disclaimed any personal recognition maintaining that the honors shown fittingly belonged to the Congregation of Holy Cross which he represents. The devoted educator stated that he did not want any celebration, but that he had to submit, as Father Conroy had insisted upon the program; and since there was no alternative, he felt that he was in reality that which he told Father Conroy constitutes a first-class funeral, 'a willing corpse.' With especial pleasure he referred to Bishop Alerding's presence at this time and also to his attendance at the St. Andrew's day celebration last fall. An increase of vocations to the priesthood and brotherhood was encouraged, the speaker especially mentioning Frank Wyss, of the Class of '14, who is preparing for the priesthood in the Congregation of Holy Cross, and Harvey Conway, of the Class of '18, a diocesan student now a subdeacon. "This celebration is arranged to give incentive to vocations," he said. "We want men who will work in this country or in foreign countries. I am afforded consolation and encouragement by the attendance of Father Foik and the Brothers from Notre Dame. I would also extend my thanks to Carl Weber, the students and the Knights of Columbus." Attention was directed to the work of the Central Catholic high school which is commissioned, and for the teaching of which all of the faculty members are well qualified.. In the course of his remarks Brother Daniel briefly summarized the history of the C. C. H. S. from its opening September 7, 1909, when its freshman class numbered 26, to the present year, when

its enrollment is eight times that number. With the opening of the school the faculty members were: The late Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., superior; Brother Exupere, Brother Bernard, of Indianapolis, and Brother Daniel. In loyal terms Brother Daniel spoke of the work accomplished in the school by the other teachers. Special mention was made of Brother Ephrem and the establishment of the excellent school magazine, "The Echo," by the boys of 1915, "who," to quote the speaker, "worked just as hard as the boys of the present time." Carl Weber was commended for the gold medal annually bestowed, and it was also mentioned that he is generously defraying the tuition for two worthy students. From his response, it is obvious that Brother Daniel has great plans in view for his cherished C. C. H. S., but as he said, he needs the co-operation of the generous in this city and he called upon the Knights of Columbus especially, to continue their interest and make possible in the near future his plans which will promote the cause of higher education among the Catholic boys of the Cathedral city and vicinity.

Bishop Alerding followed Brother Daniel in addressing the audience and felicitated the jubilarian, also speaking in commendatory measure of the splendid work of the Brothers of Holy Cross, and the patience with which all inconveniences, particularly prior to the renovation and improvement of the high school building. "We now hope," said the prelate, "to make the Brothers more comfortable through the addition made to their home." He mentioned, however, that the goal would not be reached until there was provided for the boys such an institution as was made possible in Evansville by the generosity of one



Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding

citizen. "There are men in Fort Wayne," he said, "who could do the same thing, but perhaps they are waiting. I feel that this entertainment was worth while, for while honoring Brother Daniel it has made us acquainted with him as he is." Concluding the musical numbers Gounod's "Ave Maria" was artistically rendered as a violin solo by John Pequignot, accompanied by Neil Thompson.

Rev. A. E. Lafontaine, diocesan school superintendent, called upon for an address, responded briefly. "I am glad to be present at a celebration of this kind, for its purpose as I see it is to glorify Christian education. I would have you keep in mind the idea of education. Knowledge is power, but what is power? If you see a volcano sending forth its stream of lava down the mountain side, a torrent sweeping all before it, that is power. The furnace fires in our factories, in the steel mills, the waters of Niagara harnessed and giving light, is power, but it is controlled and directed. The



Rev. A. E. Lafontaine

power of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Boniface and St. Patrick was power controlled and directed. Education is power, but not all men have sufficiently appreciated the fact that knowledge must be founded on principle and must be controlled. Besides the three R's there is a fourth R—religion that is necessary. It was thought that education would be given uncontrolled by the only principle that will make man powerful in the right sense. The idea is not grasped that religion cannot be made a subject in a curriculum; it must be made a part of a career and that it is the religious educator who is fitted to teach religion in all its phases. He can stand before his pupils and say obedience is the basis of all authority and could truthfully add I am obedient, for he has made it a rule of his life; he can teach honesty because he has taken the vow of poverty and he does not care for the things of this world; he can talk of service and might rightly say I give service because I give my life to God

and Christian education. It is fitting that we honor the religious who is the real educator, and I am glad to be here to honor Brother Daniel. His untiring fidelity to his task and his devotedness to everything he considers right merit especial recognition as we join with him today in celebrating his feast.



Rev. Joseph F. Delaney

"We appreciate things in proportion to what they cost," said Rev. Joseph F. Delaney in opening his able address. "We are not unmindful of the numberless sacrifices made by the Brothers of the Holy Cross ever since this school was established by our Bishop, and we appreciate what has been done. It is hoped that when these boys grow up they may exemplify the teachings of those who laid the foundation in the formative period. Upon this foundation the superstructure depends. The Holy Cross Brothers saw many years of service and of sacrifice in Fort Wayne before the Bishop gave you what you have today. I hope I'll be pardoned for saying that nearly one-half of the boys of the C. C. H. S. are from St. Patrick's parish; from the time the Brothers opened this school not one boy from St. Patrick's has gone to the public high school. It has always been my prac-

tice to keep before their minds the superiority of a religious education. If I have done this in the past it is because of the high esteem, it is because of the high value I put upon the good work done by the Brothers, in spite of the many difficulties under which they labored. Boys, I wish to repeat what I said in opening—we appreciate things in proportion to what they cost and further never forget that the lives of these men are lives of sacrifice."



Brother Ephrem, C. S. C.

Brother Ephrem was enthusiastically applauded as he greeted the assembly, and gave a short address in which he spoke in high praise of Fort Wayne and what has been accomplished here. He declared that the Catholics in general were not more generous, the Knights of Columbus more interested, nor the pastors more united in regard to a Catholic high school anywhere else he had been than they were in Fort Wayne. The great high school in Evansville, of which he has been superior, he declared, was made possible through the generosity of one citizen, and he ventured the hope that in time someone would be found in Fort Wayne who would bring

to realization the plan of providing a thoroughly modern and splendidly equipped new high school. The former local teacher expressed the pleasure which the eight years spent here had afforded him and voiced his willingness to return, especially if Brother Daniel was serving as superior. Jerome



Jerome J. Miller, '13

Miller, president of Alumni, tendered congratulations to Brother Daniel on behalf of the Association. Father Foik, celebrant of the silver jubilee Mass, was called upon by the chairman, but instead of giving an address, concluded the exercises with an appropriate story. Cheers for the Bishop, the Jubilarian, Fathers Conroy, Delaney and Lafontaine, Brother Ephrem and the C. C. H. S. were heartily given by the students as a finale to the jubilee exercises.

"Ah! We shall not rest content until religion infuse through all our life the charm of reverence and gentleness, of modest and polite breeding, making impossible the coarseness and vulgarity which are still so manifest; until the best culture, opening to our view the whole past of the race and all the realms of nature, break down the hard

and narrow walls which confine every ignorant soul, giving to each one of us the dignity, greater than that of princes, which belongs to virtue and wisdom. The impetus given to our material development is so irresistible that we cannot imagine its progress should be arrested; and the machinery of our political life will be kept in some kind of order, we cannot doubt, by the patriots who are ever willing to sacrifice their ease for the care and worry of office; but what we need above all things, and what I believe we most yearn for, is the men, the influence, the institution, with power to nourish the life of the soul; to give us faith, hope and love; to give us wide knowledge and great thoughts; to strengthen and refine our sense of beauty; to make us appreciative of whatever is true or divine or fair or noble"—Bishop Spalding.

PROGRAM

Observing on

THE FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH

March 19th, 1924

IN THE CITY OF FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Brother Daniel's Entrance Into the Congregation of the Holy Cross

It is Arranged as a Tribute by His Many Friends to His Untiring Devotion and Constant Loyalty in the Work of His High Vocation as a Teaching Brother.

In the
Cathedral of the Immaculate Con-
tation

at 9:00 o'clock a. m.

A Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving
In the
CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
at 10:30 o'clock a. m.

MR. CARL J. WEBER, Presiding.

Musical Selection.....The School Orchestra
Address of Congratulation.....Charles Loney
Vocal Number.....Combined Senior and Sophomore Glee Clubs
Presenting the School Gift.....Carl Pequignot
Response.....Brother Daniel, C. S. C.
Violin Number.....John Pequignot
Impromptu Remarks.

Committee in Charge

Senior Class—John Martin.
Junior Class—Arthur Zuber.
Sophomore Class—Francis Corbett.
Freshman Class—Robert Tucker.



Address by Carl J. Weber

"Today, memory carries me back to a time, half a century ago, when as a six-year-old youngster, I looked with child-like curiosity out of the windows of my father's house, and watched two or three black-robed men across the street, whom I saw passing in and out of a brick building which stood at the corner of Jefferson and Clinton streets, and which my parents told me was a school. In those days, my immature mind could scarcely form any distinction between the sombre cassocked Brothers and good old Father Benoit, who used to set me on his knee, or of his energetic assistant, Father Brammer, both of whom at that time ministered to the spiritual wants of the pioneers who constituted our Cathedral parish.

"However, as the years rolled by, and I finally attended that very school, becoming an integral part of the class

of '83, I grew to understand that while both Brother and Priest served the Master in different channels, the efforts of each were all for my future welfare. Thus it was that fifty years ago and longer, the Brothers of the Holy Cross Congregation were already teaching the youths of Fort Wayne, training young minds along the paths of right thinking and religious truth. Through all the vicissitudes of seventy long years the faithful Brothers of Holy Cross, undaunted by conditions which were far from pleasant, have labored here in the teaching field. From the little red school house on the corner, which your fathers knew as 'Noah's Ark,' to this beautiful high school of today is not a far cry, yet most of those tireless men whose feet trod the corridors of the old brick school, never lived to see the fruition of their labors, never dreamed of this crown to their glory, 'The Central Catholic High School.' The laborer is worthy of his hire, and I mean today to pay the homage of my heart in tribute to the energies and the efforts of those whose lives were dedicated to the cause of Catholic education; of those noble men who taught me, as well as those who preceded and followed them, and who long ere this have passed on ahead to that eternal reward which our heavenly Father has prepared for those who love and serve Him.

"Without show of weariness or hesitation, they silently burned out the lamps of their lives in the service of youth. With a patience which was almost inspired, and a persistence which never fagged, they imparted to the boy of Fort Wayne that knowledge which would make him a better man; which would fortify him to take his proper place in life. No chain is stronger than its weakest link, no work

of man more enduring than the material with which it is builded. In the special Providence of God, our Catholic people here have been singularly blessed by the strength and intellect of our pioneer teachers and by the endowments of mind and heart which through them have passed on to us as our heritage.

"Youth found in them a font of untainted learning, free from the modernism of the day, while restless hearts have learned from their patient lives the inspiration of Christian conduct. We have seen those teachers of ours grow old and grey in their years of service, and finally laid to rest in the little cemetery at Notre Dame. What useless regrets have we not often faced at the thought of the kind word of encouragement which we might have expressed to these noble workers on their way! What an incentive to greater things that little word might have been, and yet, unuttered it hung upon our lips until too late. This reminds me of a story told by the ex-vice-president of the United States, our own Tom Marshall.

"A prominent business man of Philadelphia, upon returning to his home, found his little son playing on the floor of the living room with a toy locomotive and its equipment. The lad was striving to fit the sectional track together and everything went wrong. The joints were all awry and replete with humps and bumps, hence the rolling stock of the miniature railway system positively refused to run along the rails without causing a wreck. The father, with mind intent upon his own affairs, briskly rushed through the room, paying but scant attention to the efforts of his offspring; but just as he was passing on without so much as a look of approval, the little fellow, with the tears starting in his big eyes,

called to his sire: 'Daddy, Daddy, do tell me it's good; it will help me so much!'

"And so, my friends, how many times could we stop long enough in our rush through life to tell some poor discouraged fellow being that his work 'is good,' that his efforts are appreciated and that someone really cares?

"Today we have a duty to perform—a duty of love which we will not defer. On this beautiful morning, we have congregated here to do honor to a very unassuming and reticent individual, a member of the Holy Cross order who has devoted his whole life to the practice of that favorite profession which our Divine Lord followed while upon earth, namely, that of teaching. A life of self-sacrifice and abnegation, and one which offers but few rewards except those of Eternity. It is indeed a pleasure to give tribute to one who today is celebrating his silver jubilee as a Brother of Holy Cross—my good friend, Brother Daniel, who has just rounded out the twenty-fifth year of his teaching career.

"Brother Daniel, as I have known him in the years past, has never sought the lime light of public approbation. By nature of a retiring disposition, he has been content to do his best and abide by the verdict of those who were his pupils, to give to loyal service his time and his energies, seeking no reward except the appreciation of his labors by those whom he taught.

"The years bring sober thought; age sees with clearer vision than the eyes of youth, and though today, you boys of Central Catholic High School may not realize the greatness of a labor such as his, you will in the years to come, look back to this day in Brother Daniel's life, with the full knowledge of what it has meant to him and what

he means to you. Therefore, in conclusion, Brother Daniel, I wish to emphasize one thought, namely, that we are all here on this occasion to bear witness to the fact that your labors in the vineyard of our Divine Lord have not been in vain, and that we all do hope that by the grace of Almighty God your successful achievements may be prolonged, *Ad multos annos!* Hence, with this hope and wish in mind, and on behalf of our Right Rev. Bishop, his clergy, of your associate workers on the Central Catholic High School staff, as also your many friends in Fort Wayne, and lastly but not least, on behalf of your beloved student body, as well as myself, I congratulate you and wish you well."

A Silver Jubilee.

The man himself is not honored, because he is a man, but he is honored according to the position which he holds, and the honor due that position. Some man may hold the highest position in the land; he is honored according to that position.

Again if he is a religious, some may say well when a man becomes a religious he gives up all honor and glory among men, to become such. But just the same this man is paid the honor and respect due his position, that is the defending of the faith for the honor and glory of God.

So on March 19th, 1924, we celebrated the feast or the anniversary of our beloved Principal. All honor that we, the students of the Central Catholic High School, can give rightfully belongs to him who has tired and labored that we might receive a Catholic education. So with the highest of pleasures and honor we wish him honor and glory for the past and present and much more in the future.

Mike Hogan, '24.

Charles Loney's Address.

"We are met today to testify our regard for him whose name is so intimately blended with whatever belongs essentially to our school, its progress, its success, its just renown.

"The many happy faces glowing with sympathy and with joy and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned lovingly towards our common benefactor proclaiming that the purpose of this day and the significance of this ceremony are deeply impressed on every heart.

"If indeed there be anything in loving gratitude fit to affect the minds of man we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. For can we regard with abstraction the labors of him who has builded up our minds and who by his sincere and devoted efforts has builded up our very souls? Can we with right do other than praise the courage, the perseverance and the patience which have so greatly contributed to the welfare of our school? Shall we say naught of him whose very presence carries the atmosphere of devotion, of sacrifice made that we might attain a true religious education? Shall we offer no congratulations to the man who has known more of the true life of our school than any other within the history of these walls?

"Brother, words are at best a poor interpreter of the feelings that dwell in the heart and words, no matter how eloquent, are pitifully inadequate to express the love, the respect, the gratitude we hold for you.

"Indeed, we are unworthy and unable to do justice to the great and noble qualities which we have seen manifested by you in the performance of your duties. We do not now and never shall forget the care and anxiety

with which you watched over our interests, the self-sacrificing zeal with which you devoted yourself to our welfare and your scrupulous, unremitting vigilance in transcending the requirements of simple duty.

"Brother, you have devoted your life to the most sacred, the most glorious of human callings, that of religious education. 'Religious education is our most distinctive work,' says Bishop Spalding. 'It gives us a place apart in the life of our country and is indispensable to the progress and welfare of the United States and in the end will be recognized as the most vital contribution to American civilization.' There is not in the whole world of human callings a nobler or more sacred one than that of moulding souls to higher and better things. For what could be more glorious than the taking of the minds and souls of youthful pupils, shaping them, coloring them, informing them, making them instinct with life and motives, and giving to them high ideals and worthy aspirations?

"If at times your reward seems slight, if at times the world regards your great unselfishness with a still greater selfishness, if the world accepts your sacrifices and heedlessly passes the giver, then remember that your reward is not in this world but in the hereafter. The Book of Daniel tells us, 'That they who instruct the many unto justice shall shine as the stars for all eternity.' The inspired writer compares teachers to the stars of heaven. For as the stars illuminate the darkness of the night, so they who instruct others dispel the darkness of ignorance by shedding the rays of wisdom and knowledge into the minds of their disciples. Just as martyrs and virgins have their special auriole in heaven, so surely the teachers will

have theirs.

"In this great work of religious education, my friends, our superior has borne a noble part.

"To the spiritual and temporal wants of 'his boys' he has never been indifferent. Silently and unostentatiously he has done a work which the world-at-large may not always have noticed or applauded, but the memory of which is written in indelible characters on the hearts of those to whom he has ministered.

"That God may yet spare him many years to continue the good work in which he has spent himself and been spent during the last quarter of a century, that his works in the future may be blessed as they have been in the past, 'such' are the prayers that are offered up for him on all sides today. And when after having completed his allotted course, after having fought the good fight to the end 'full' of years and merits he lays down this life's burdens and cares, then may those sweet and consoling words for which during his whole religious life his soul has yearned come to fill his whole being with that joy which eye hath not seen nor ear heard and which it hath not entered the heart of man to conceive. 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter ye into the joy of the Lord.'"

A Silver Jubilee.

From an educational point of view nothing is more sacred than a silver jubilee of one who has devoted his life to religious affairs, unless it be a golden festivity. Anyone who has striven for a quarter of a century to elevate the standard of humanity under the serious handicaps that Brother Daniel has is certainly worthy of what little esteem and congratulations his friends and assistants are able to give

THE

him. From a mere school of some twenty students he has raised it, by his untiring and unceasing efforts, to an institution with an enrollment of over two hundred. The main object of these twenty-five years of labor is the promotion of higher Catholic education.

Perhaps, one would say, "It is not only the man that we are honoring but the order which he represents." When we take this into consideration we can come to only one conclusion. Although we honor also the order or the religious life we should consider that too much praise to one who has devoted his entire life to the betterment of the world, the elevation of humanity and a higher standard of government.

John Parrot, '24.

Fort Wayne Council No. 451,
Knights of Columbus.

Calhoun St. and Washington Blvd.
Fort Wayne, Ind., March 19, 1924.

My Dear Brother Daniel:

On this, the occasion of your silver jubilee, allow me, on behalf of the Knights of Columbus, to extend to you our sincere good wishes and congratulations. Following the way pointed out by the Divine Teacher, you have persevered for twenty-five years as a laborer in His vineyard.

How well you have succeeded in your efforts is best attested by the high standard which has been reached by the Catholic Central High School under your direction and that of the Brothers associated with you.

It is one thing to lead a secular life; it is quite another to make the sacrifice and devotion necessary in the preparation and conduct of the religious state. May Almighty God long preserve you in the great work to which you have dedicated your life and justly reward you at its conclusion.

Accept this little expression of our esteem for you and that of the entire Community of Notre Dame.

Sincerely yours,
J. J. DISSER, Grand Knight.

A Word of Grateful Appreciation

Too much credit cannot be given to Father Conroy for his deep interest in the success of our school. The only pastor in the city who is a product of the old Brothers' school, he takes a deep interest in the work of the Brothers in Fort Wayne. His untiring efforts in arranging and carrying through the celebration of Brother Daniel's Silver Jubilee, his talks on vocation, on manliness, on public speaking, debating and religion; his presence at our contests and at the reception of the team from Chicago; his consideration of our convenience in arranging the afternoon services, are but a few of the many evidences of his deep, personal interest in the success and development of the Central Catholic High School.

Francis Corbett, '26.

Priesthood This June.



Rev. Harvey J. Conway, '18

March 1, 1894, and tried, as he says, to cultivate his brain in the public and parochial school at Hesse Cassel at the same time he helped cultivate his father's farm. He attended C. C. H. S. from 1910 to 1914. After graduation he entered the classical course at Notre Dame. He spent the following year at home. In 1916 he returned to Notre Dame and entered Holy Cross Seminary. At the completion of his postulancy and classical course in 1919 he received the cassock as a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross. After a year's novitiate training he was sent to Holy Cross College, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C., where he made his theological studies. He will be ordained to the priesthood at Notre Dame University on June 27 and will sing his first solemn high mass at St. Peter's Church in this city on Sunday, June 29.

Harvey Conway was one of the twenty members of the class of 1918. He was born Feb. 2, 1900, and received his grade school training at St. Patrick's school. In 1914 he entered here and remained for two years. His junior year was spent at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. He returned to Central Catholic High School and finished here in June, 1918. September of the same year found him at Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Mt. Washington, Ohio. His present address is Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Norwood, Ohio. Mr. Conway was elevated to the sub-deaconate May 26, 1923; to the deaconate March 15, 1924, and will be elevated to the priesthood by Bishop Alerding here at the Cathedral on June 14. He will celebrate his first solemn high mass at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday, June 15. He will be assisted by the Rev. William J. Ehrman, of Kokomo, and the Rev. Otto Keller, of Mishawaka. The

Rev. William Conroy, of the Cincinnati diocese, will preach the sermon. Mr. Conway assisted as deacon at St. Patrick's during Holy Week services and returned to the seminary on Easter Monday. His home address here in Fort Wayne is 332 W. Woodland avenue. He will be assigned to work in the Diocese of Fort Wayne.

The school as a whole may well be proud of these representatives in the service of the Lord. Their classmates are fortunate in having these men at the altar of God offering up the holy sacrifice for their spiritual welfare.

Happy would they be if each class could contribute to God's chosen flock, and thereby be blessed in fulfillment of the duties of the priestly office.

The school will always be happy if she can produce alumni of this high type. What can better portray the character and personality of a man than the priesthood? A fitting tribute would adorn the Right Rev. Bishop's object in establishing this school. God would be praised and our honor would be given to their parents, school, city, and themselves.

Clarence Kaliker, '24.

God's Ministers.

There are men who manifest their value to humanity by invention, or by discoveries in science and medicine. There are others who relieve the bodily sufferings of a crushed and oppressed people from the despotic rule of the autocrat, and to every class to every man who renders "service" to humanity, humanity is deeply indebted.

If humanity is indebted to the men who better the condition of its bodies, how much more so are we indebted to the men who better the conditions of our minds and souls, of which our minds are only incongruous representations.

Perhaps incongruities as applied to our bodies is rather strong, but when the body is compared to the beauty of the mind and soul, it, indeed is pitiful. It is the mind which determines our actions and the soul which determines the characters of their actions, so it is easily understood that the body is but a contrivance that responds to the pressure of the mind and soul just as an automobile responds to the hand of its driver.

It is the mind and the soul, which the priest in assuming the duties of a "Minister of Christ" undertakes to nurture, to guard their growth, to mould their shape, so that their influence will be good and their marks admirable.

Charles Loney, '24.



Anthony N. Trapp, M.D., '17.

Anthony N. Trapp, of the class of 1917, received his doctor's degree from the Rush Medical College on March 21. He will spend his next year at St. Joseph's Hospital, 2100 Burling street, Chicago. His home is in Garrett, Indiana. Congratulations to our new doctor.

George Cheviron, '24.



Slang.

Slang is an inelegant unauthorized dialect. There is a slang attached to the various professions, occupations and classes of society. The slang of fashionable life comprises a number of French words and phrases, while the common or original slang came from the Gypsy tongue and several different kinds of cants. There is also civic slang and military slang.

Civic slang is: The words and short expressions for things used by the people in general when they cannot think of the right word to express themselves.

Military slang is: The words coined by soldiers to break the monotony of everyday life to express themselves more emphatically.

The objections to slang are many. It indicates that the one who uses it has a limited vocabulary. It shows the lack of culture and no sense of refinement. It is an impediment to the furtherance of correct American language. Reputable writers and speakers select their words with much care in order that they may avoid slang. Anyone who is educated or who appreciates education will not use nor tolerate slang.

Emmett Holsinger, '24.

Silent Reading.

If there is one thing that contributes more to a lasting and genuine interest in books and literature than any other, it is Silent Reading, applied in high schools as well as in the grade and elementary branches of study. Opportunity to read without interruption, to think without being disturbed by a general discussion of the subject, and to study the matter in his own manner, aids in creating in the student an appreciation of the more pleasant and enjoyable phases of reading, and continued Silent Reading tends toward the establishment of a permanent liking for literature. The gratifying results obtained by teachers who experimented with Silent Reading in the last few years have done much to prove its worth, and, as a result, it is gradually replacing the former style of having the pupils read aloud by turns. In the older method the attention of the student is divided between listening to the reader and following the reader in his text book. This makes it difficult for the pupil to entirely digest the matter, as he cannot regulate the speed of the reader, nor have him repeat certain passages which are not clear to him; whereas, in Silent Reading he can pass quickly over the lighter matter, and

re-read those passages which are difficult for him to understand until he has a clear idea of their meaning. Silent Reading is therefore practical because it assures the greatest opportunity for every pupil to develop his thinking capacity. Try it yourself. Have some one read this article aloud for you, then read it silently to yourself, and determine in your own mind the advantages of Silent Reading.

J. Strebiger, '25.

Mother-Love.

My subject is one seldom approached by man. Yet it is with us daily and we find our literature, our newspapers, our text books and everyday life crammed with examples of it.

By taking this subject I do not presume more knowledge of it than other men, but I do wish to express my view on this greatest, almost undefinable emotion.

Psychology teaches us that all of our acts are governed by some emotion. You may question me about the Stoics. The Stoics were a group of men, followers of Zeno, who presented an outward appearance of indifference to pain or pleasure. Yet when we consider the question closely we find that it was emotion that caused them to assume this role and persevere in it.

Man does everything under the stress of emotion. Under the pressure of love he does many things that are deemed super-human when looked at from a sober viewpoint. Many people believe that fear is the greatest of governing forces, yet it has been known to collapse and turn to courage. But I say that the greatest of all emotions and, therefore, the greatest governing force is mother-love. What under God's Sun can we compare with mother-love? To man it is an intrinsic

quality inherent in womankind that cannot be defined. It has surpassed courage, it knows not fear, obstacles cannot hinder it, nor can prisons chain it. It seems to me a breath of God's love incarnate to man. As God's love is all elastic to the repentant sinner and extends to the sons of man who are treading the downward path likewise does the mother's love forever cling to her offspring, no matter in what perversity she is ready to gather her offspring to her bosom. Thus we see the sacredness of that greatest of all emotions, mother-love.

James Kelker, '24.

The Last Days of School.

Many are now at the death-bed repentance stage, for now but two months of school remain. The sweat of brows combined with midnight oil is being applied with spirit to work. Just two months! While there will be general rejoicing, yet it will be tinged with sadness because of the many farewells which must be spoken. Yes, there will be farewells to the grand old school and farewells to many old friends, for on the day of graduation each one must take a different walk of life in this cruel and wide world.

Let us notice for a moment the work accomplished through the course. Though the going was hard at times, still there were many bright times also. The work of the course has been an unbroken one and the students of the class '24 have applied themselves bravely to the tasks set before them and it is with great pride that we look forward to the day of graduation.

E. Holsinger, '24.

Merited Praise for the K. of C.

Our minds were awakened by the bit of oration delivered by Mr. Disser, the Grand Knight of the local chapter of Knights of Columbus.

He narrated to us of the numerous things the K. of C. fully intend to do through the Catholic Community Center building. He explained how this was made possible by the K. of C. giving up their project of club rooms and sacrificing for all Catholics of Fort Wayne.

Things that have already been done can best be appreciated by the Senior class, and that is why I felt called to praise the K. of C.

By Mr. Disser's talk, we looked at the inner spirit of the K. of C. They who want to do something. Good will and kindness shown by them before is known by us and deserves praise and anything that will be done hereafter should and must be given due merit by the students of C. C. H. S.

Everett Storey, '24.

In Memoriam.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Frank Cheviron, father of George Cheviron, of the Senior Class. Mr. Cheviron died at St. Joseph's Hospital on March 30th, following a serious illness. He bore his last sickness with Christian fortitude and resignation, and died well fortified with the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church, of which he was a faithful and consistent member. He was a well-known member of the city police and highly respected by all who knew him.

May the thought that he will receive a generous portion in the prayers of both faculty and students be a source of consolation to the bereaved family. May his soul rest in peace.



Thomas A. Hayes, '13

Alumnus Addresses Students

George Washington's birthday was appropriately celebrated at the Central Catholic High School, where the students gave a patriotic program.

The program was featured by an address delivered by Thos. A. Hayes, an alumnus and local attorney. Mr. Hayes touched on the life of Washington, especially his boyhood days. He read several rules of etiquette which Washington wrote and lived up to in his younger days. He told us that as boys of the country of which he is father we should take these same rules and use them as a guide in every-day life.

The program given by the students was as follows:

Selections	C. C. H. S. Orchestra
Songs	Sophomore Glee Club
Washington, the Father of His Country (Recitation)	Giles Pierre
The Character of Washington (Recitation)	Francis Corbett
Selections	C. C. H. S. Orchestra
Songs	Senior Glee Club
Address	Thos. A. Hayes
Selections	C. C. H. S. Orchestra
Emmett Holsinger, '24.	



DEBATING

Debating received more attention at Central Catholic this year than it has since her state championship team of 1919. Fortunately Brother Daniel, who trained that team, was here to inspire the present teams with the same fire that carried the former team to victory. The question of debate for the year was: "Resolved, That the United States Should Enter the League of Nations Without Reservations."

The Affirmative team was composed of James Kelker, Eugene Husselman and John Parrot, while Leslie Roussey, Charles Loney and Arthur Miller composed the Negative team.

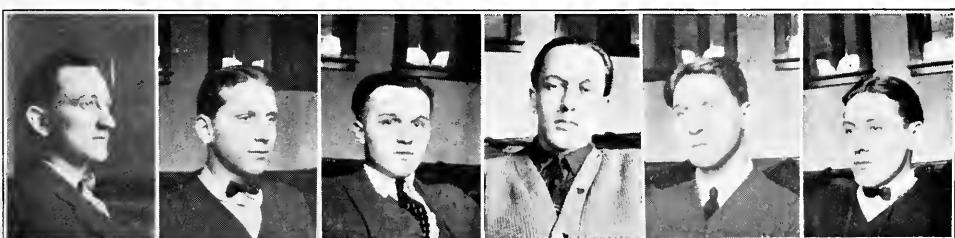
On February 22, 1924, the Negative team traveled to Decatur and lost their debate to the Decatur Catholic High School.

On February 29, 1924, in the study hall of the school a debate was held between the two teams representing the school in debate this year. The Sisters and girls of St. Augustine Academy were invited to hear the debate. After the contest the judges, Messrs. Frank Hogan, Jerry Miller and Matthew Drennan, gave their decision in favor of the Affirmative.

On March 6, 1924, the Affirmative team traveled to Huntington to debate the Huntington High team. Members of the Northern Indiana Debating League, the account of which was best told in the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.

C. C. H. S. Defeats Huntington.

With a two to one score, the debating team from the Central Catholic High School in this city defeated the Huntington Public High team in its school auditorium on Thursday afternoon. The locals vigorously upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the United States Should Enter the League of Nations Without Reservations." James Kelker, Charles Loney, John Parrot, with Eugene Husselman assisting, scored the victory. The Negative supporters were Paul Morse, Clyde Buchanan, Francis Weber and Merle Rubble, of Huntington. Brother Daniel, C. S. C., coach of the Catholic high classmen, and the Huntington team is coached by the English instructor, McCabe Day. The Fort Wayne contestants were accompanied to Huntington by Reverend Jesse Lothamer, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Columbia City. James Kelker,



Roussey

Miller

Parrot

Kelker

Loney

Husselman

Junior-Sophomore Debates.

A debate was held between the Juniors and Sophomores on the question, "Which is Preferable, City or Country Life?"

The debaters holding up the junior's side of the argument, "City Life Is Preferable to Country," were Gerard Libbing, Bernard Kearns and Kenton Miskel; while Carl Pequignot, Giles Pierre and Ernest Miller held up the opposite side of the question. Due to the wider experience and deeper knowledge of the technicalities of debating, the Juniors emerged from the contest bearing the greater part of the laurels. Father Conroy presided as judge.

At a later date the Juniors and Sophomores again matched their debating powers, the question this time being "Which is more detrimental to society, the miser or the spendthrift?" The Juniors were represented by the oratorical powers of Alexander Campbell, Frank Parrot and James Roy, while the Sophomores were defended by such able wits as Francis Corbett, Paul Freiberger and John Fitzgerald. Mr. Disser, Matt Drennan and Father Dillon were the judges. The cold facts of the Juniors overpowered the sense of humor of the Sophs and the class of '25 again emerged victorious. Repeating the debate at St. Catherine's Academy the following day, the Sophomores were declared the winners of the second contest.

In this debate a question arose which must hereby be refuted. Corbett maintained that misers put sand in sugar and sawdust in sausages. Parrot has worked in a meat market and Roy in a Hoosier grocery for a long period of time and both deny performing such misdemeanors.

Maurice Disler, '25.



Music.

This form of amusement is still one of the school's proudest boasts. The orchestra, under Father Dapp, is certainly making rapid strides—and to think that practically all of the musicians will be here next term is an anticipated pleasure.

The Glee Clubs, Senior and Sophomore, are filling various appointments about town. The evidence is plain; just drop around to the school and listen to them sing. Music seems to have quelled their troubled souls. Exams have no more terrors. An exam is merely words without music, but the latter part they supply by a co-operation indicating a refined harmonious intellect.

Many times I have noticed the effect of the music on the students. Some of them would be listlessly gazing about, others seemingly attentive but probably wishing they were anywhere except in a school room. Then strains of soft music floating through the school seemed to have an almost magical effect. The countenances of the erstwhile spring sprung students become animated; they sit up straight and take a renewed interest in work, absorbing every word of the instructor's lecture.

In fact, we are so enthused about our orchestra and Glee Clubs that we are seriously thinking of getting up a petition asking Brother Daniel to al-

low us to recite our lessons in song form, which would not only have the advantage of each student thoroughly mastering his duties but also, in time, each student would become an accomplished singer. Taking a debate for instance—wouldn't it be wonderful to hear these orations delivered in grand opera form?

But speaking seriously, the school is very proud of her orchestra and glee clubs, for when they "Say it with Music" they shout out loud. They have furnished the student body and many visitors with many hours of good, wholesome entertainment which we all appreciate.

These boys have worked hard this year to make these entertainments possible, and deserve all the success they have gained and all the praise we can give them. **Maurice Disler, '25.**

Prospects of Next Year's Football Team Bright.

The prospects of a good football team for next year are very bright. Although eleven regulars are leaving school, there is still some good material left. The team for next year has a very able leader in Captain-elect Mulligan. Mulligan has had two years of previous experience, and is a real fighter. Mulligan plays guard on the team. Among those who will be available for next year are Captain-elect Mulligan, Berghoff, McCormick, Pequignot, Steinbacker, Jerome Foohey, T. McCarthy, W. McCarthy, Lerch, Libbing, Patten, McLaughlin, L. Elliot, Blosser, Kennerk, Noll, Fitzgerald and some good men from this year's Freshman class are also available. The schedule is being drawn up, and games have been arranged with some of the strongest teams in this vicinity. **Chas. Graf, '24.**

Mainly About Players.

In looking over the C. C. H. S. 1923 and 1924 basketball season, we find that they played twenty-three games, winning seventeen and losing five; an average of .773 per cent.

The individual records show that Bushman (one of the greatest all-around athletes ever turned out by any of the Fort Wayne high schools) participated in eighteen games, playing the forward position. He has credit for eighty-four baskets and seven fouls for a total of one hundred seventy-five points, which gives him the lead in that department.

Husselman, playing his first year on the varsity, made eighty points from thirty-five baskets and ten foul shots.

Belot, lanky center, playing two years on the team, caged thirty baskets and six fouls for a total of sixty-six points.

"Horse" Graf, back guard, with the varsity for three years (as many opponents will testify to), anchored and duplicated Belot's record.

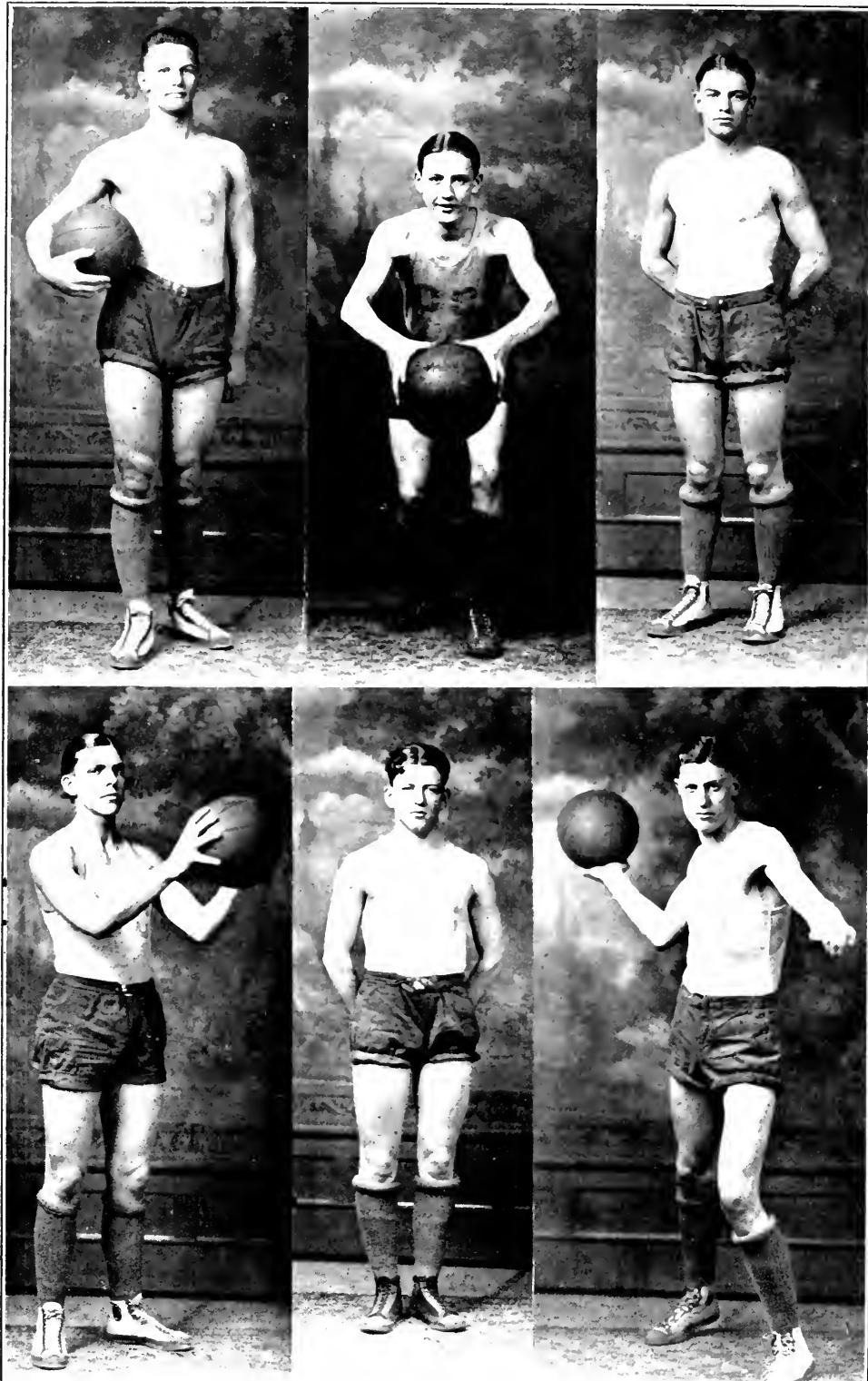
Ferguson, floor guard, seldom shot at the basket, but when he did it was a sure one. He played in every game this year, making eight baskets and three foul goals for nineteen points. This year made his second on the varsity.

Evard, Patten, Lassus and McCormick formed the utility for C. C.

Totaling the scores, we see that C. C. made five hundred thirty-six points to their opponents' three hundred thirty-four points.

This was exclusive of the games in which the team took part in the National Catholic Tournament at Chicago.

Very good, we should say, and we can only hope for as good a year next as this. **Herman Biemer, '26.**



Top Row—Graf, Husselman, Bushman.
Bottom Row—Ferguson, Pauley, Belot.

The National Catholic Inter-Scholastic Basketball Tournament Games.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of March 28th, the referee blew his whistle as Bob Sweitzer tossed a new basketball between the opposing centers and C. C. H. S. began their march for the championship of the United States. Their first game was with the strong St. Patrick quintet of Chicago, who boasted of two strong varsity teams, a heavy and a light weight team.

The game was a nip and tuck contest throughout, C. C. leading for a while and then St. Patrick's. Central tightened up, however, and managed to hold a two or three point lead throughout the second half. Our boys outplayed their rivals from start to finish, but they had poor luck in caging their shots and it was only the great defensive play of Graf and Ferguson that permitted victory.

Belot, Pauley, Bushman and Huselman contributed to the scoring, each getting two baskets.

Line-up and summary:

C. C. H. S.	Position	St. Patrick
Bushman	F	Lonergan
Pauley	F	Feeley
Belot	C	Salvino
Ferguson	G	Regan
Graf	G	Jennings

Substitutions—Husselman for Pauley.

Field Goals—Bushman 2; Pauley 2; Hus-selman 2; Belot 2; Lonergan 3; Feeley 3; Salvino 2.

Free Throws—Bushman 2; Pauley 1;
Belot 2; Feeley 2; Salvino 1.

SECOND ROUND

Duluth, 18 C. C. H. S., 24

Our boys opened the second round of play when they scored the biggest upset in the tourney, defeating the formidable Duluth team, Minnesota state champs for the last two years, by

the score 24-18, C. C. completely out playing the Duluth team in all departments of the game. Pauley, flashy forward, got five baskets. Bushman and Belot played great floor games, their passing and dribbling bringing the crowd to its feet time and again. Ferguson, our hard working guard, was a mainstay on the defense.

Santry, Duluth's little forward, kept them in the running part of the time by spectacular shots. Benda, their star floor guard, who scored 20 points against Milwaukee, was held to one basket.

Line-up and summary:

C. C. H. S.	Position	Duluth
Bushman	F	Santry
Pauley	F	O'Rourke
Belot	C	Demarco
Ferguson	G	Benda
Graf	G	Bradley

Field Goals—Bushman 3; Pauley 5; Belot 1; Santry 4; Demarco 1; Benda 1; Dolan.

Foul Goals—Bushman 4; Ferguson 1; Graf 1; Benda 3; Dolan 1.

Cleveland, 17

C. C. H. S., 20

C. C. won their way into the semi-finals by defeating the strong Cleveland Latin Quintet 20-17. The game was fast throughout, with Cleveland leading most of the way.

Captain Bushman crowned himself and his school with glory when he counted the winning basket in the final seconds of the battle that thrilled the three thousand five hundred spectators.

Belot and Ferguson played the greatest games of their career, each getting in the scoring column.

In the last quarter of the game C. C.'s men were everywhere, so much so that the Buckeye team was swept from their feet. Graf dribbled through the entire Cleveland defense for a pretty basket from the foul line.

Central's strength lay in its defensive tactics, the whole team working

together in fine style when their opponents had the ball and breaking up their short passing attack.

Line-up and summary:

C. C. H. S.	Position	Cleveland
Bushman	F	Monteville
Pauley	F	Zoerman
Belot	C	Smythe
Ferguson	G	Debressis
Graf	G	Harkins

Field Goals—Bushman 4; Pauley 1; Belot 1; Graf 1; Monteville 4; Zoerman 3; Debressis 1; Ferguson 1.

Free Throws—Bushman 3; Pauley 1; Zoerman 1.

SEMI-FINALS

Peoria, 14

C. C. H. S., 7

By defeating Cleveland, C. C. became one of the semi-finalists and on Sunday afternoon Central met the strong Spalding team to decide which should play in the championship game.

Our boys could not get going, time and again their shots would either loop the loop or roll around and drop out. It was not until a heart-breaking contest for C. C. that we were forced to bow to the team from Peoria, Illinois.

It was a battle between the two greatest defensive teams in the tournament, as the score indicates. C. C. was kept behind by the sensational shooting of the Peoria forwards, McCarthy and Kaiser.

During the game, when C. C. was hopelessly behind, the small group of students and backers of the school arose and sang the "Victory Song" with all the expression and heartfelt meaning that they could put into it. Not a person of the five thousand spectators stirred nor was a sound heard during the song. When the students finished the song and seated themselves they received the greatest ovation ever given to a band of rooters who might help support their team.

Line-up and summary:

C. C. H. S.	Position	Peoria
Bushman	F	McCarthy
Pauley	F	Kaiser
Belot	C	Kennedy
Ferguson	G	Hughes
Graf	G	Penn

Field Goals—Kaiser 3; Kennedy 2; Penn 1; Bushman 2.

Free Throws—Bushman 1; Pauley 2; McCarthy 2.

De LaSalle, 24 C. C. H. S., 20

In order to decide the third best team in the Tournament, a consolation game was played Sunday evening at 8 o'clock with the De LaSalle team of Kansas City, Mo. Two field goals by Bray in the last thirty seconds of play defeated C. C. in a heart-breaking game after she had led the entire way.

Central was leading at the half 12-3 by their superior team play, but in the second half the Missouri team started to rally which tied the score and then forged ahead just as the gun sounded.

Line-up and summary:

C. C. H. S.	Position	De La Salle
Bushman	F	Anderson
Pauley	F	Mount
Belot	C	Bray
Ferguson	G	Hennesy
Graf	G	Lipsie

Field Goals—Anderson 3; Mount 2; Bray 2; Lipsie; McGinnis; Pauley 2; Bushman 3; Belot 2; Ferguson 1.

Foul Goals—Anderson 1; Bray 1; Lipsie 2; Bushman 1; Pauley 2; Ferguson 1.

Clifton McCormick, '25.

Emmet Hoisinger, '24.

During the last week of March our school received much comment and publicity throughout the United States. It was the students who compose our exceptional strong basketball team that brought honors to this city by defeating several strong quintets and landing fourth place in the National Basketball Tournament under the auspices of Loyola University, Chicago.

C. H. Schwieters.

Our Homecoming Celebration.

Victories over St. Patrick's High, Chicago, Duluth High and Latin High School from Cleveland at the National meet, placed our school high in basketball fame and aroused a spirit of enthusiasm throughout Fort Wayne that led to that forming of a reception committee that was to welcome our boys as they returned from Chicago.

Plans were at once put under way, and when our boys met defeat in the tourney it served only to create more enthusiasm for the wonderful fighting spirit that they kept to the last, even though they finally did have to admit defeat to the National Champion.

As the Pennsylvania train pulled into the Fort Wayne station on Monday, March 31, at the hour of noon, it was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm from over four thousand people, who had gathered to pay homage to boys that had so well represented our school at the Interscholastic Basketball Tournament held at the University of Loyola, Chicago, Ill. The team, although not National title holders, won their way to the semi-finals in the meet, and set a mark for any school in the state to shoot at, by being recognized as the "fourth best" team in the country.

As the team stepped from the train they were given a rousing reception by fellow students and friends. Rejoicing in the success of our boys, the girls from St. Augustine's and St. Catherine's joined the ranks of those greeting them.

Fifty autos gala in the school colors, purple and gold, joined in a parade that was led by our gallant drum corps. From the station the line of rejoicers led north on Harrison, east to Clinton, south on Clinton to Jefferson, and then wound about through the principal

downtown thoroughfares, finally ending up at the school, where a monster mass meeting was held.

At the school the study hall was packed with an overflowing crowd and the meeting was put under way with the rendition of the "Victory Song." Jerome Miller, president of the Alumni Association, presided over this huge demonstration as chairman, and called on Coach Doriot as the initial speaker.

Doriot, who has led the team to all their successes, urged that all the honor of the victory go to the players, as it was their prayers that prompted their success.

Captain Wayne Bushman was then called on, and he made a remark that will live in the minds of all our future athletes when he said, as a reason for the team's continued success, "We knew how to pray."

Every member of the squad was called upon and they all were unanimous in their praise of Coach Doriot. The forwards, Bushman, Hesselman and Evard, were loud in their praise of the guards, and of Belot, center. While the forwards came in for their credit when the rest of the team spoke.

Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, rector of the Cathedral, and one of the school's closest friends, followed with an address that was full of congratulations to the team and our coach. He declared that in demonstrating sportsmanship to the extent that second place among a total of thirty-two teams was extended to us, our team was worthy of all the praise that could be given to them. He also said that Fort Wayne was never so advertised in Chicago as during the days of the tournament, and that the fourth place among the greatest teams of the country was bringing us nation-wide fame.

Bro. Daniel, C. S. C., our principal, voiced appreciation to the great spirit

and enthusiasm that the city had shown in our victory, and thanked the local newspapers for their efficient work in covering all the games. He also thanked the Knights of Columbus for their help in making the home-coming of the boys such a great event.

Alban Becker took part in the welcoming demonstration and in his address stressed the fine spirit that existed between Coach Doriot and his men. Mr. Becker told of the little talks given by Doriot to his men that prompted the team on to greater effort and finally brought the team to almost the greatest honor that can be given to a team, that of being such good sports. The Chicago fans, said Mr. Becker, were all behind the Fort Wayne entry, because they appreciated the manly way they took their victories and accepted their defeats. He also brought in the way our loyal supporters arose and sang the "Victory Song" with defeat staring them in the face, and the great ovation that the backers and team got after they had finished our school song.

After Mr. Becker's talk, Father Connroy decided that the boys could not live on words of praise, so Jerry Miller concluded the program with a little surprise arranging for a big dinner at the Keenan Hotel, and the way the boys talk they had "some feed."

All in all, it was the greatest demonstration of welcoming ever held in Fort Wayne for any kind of an organization. And it ought to have been, the team deserved every bit of credit that they received.

Clifton McCormick, '25.

Our Team.

During the years in which C. C. H. S. has produced representative basketball teams it has had many teams

which may truly have been termed wonderful. But it is extremely doubtful whether any team in the past has—or any team in the future—will approach the heights attained by this year's C. C. H. S. team.

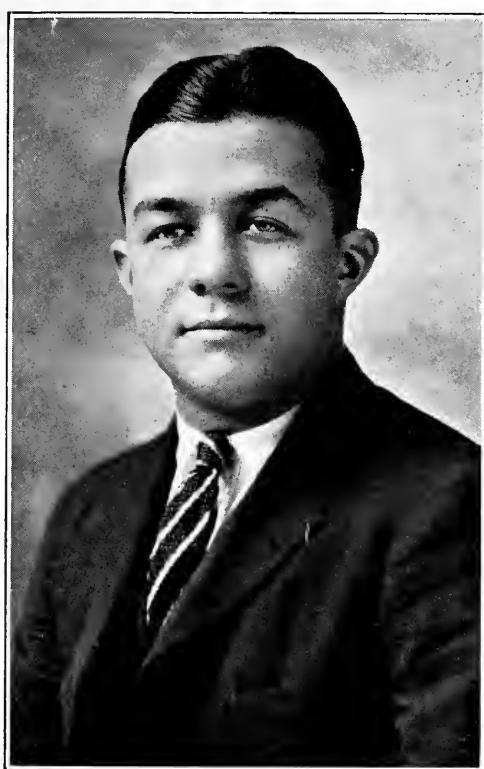
Handicapped by conditions, getting off to a mediocre start, and time after time losing heart-breaking contests was enough to break the morale of any team. Here is the greatest tribute that can be paid to the C. C. H. S. team, "They never gave up." Disappointment made them set their jaws a little harder, despair only begot a smile and tight-clenched teeth, while the losses they sustained only brought a greater determination to win in the future.

Laboring under the heaviest of handicaps, C. C. won sixteen and lost four of the regular season games. That this record may be truly appreciated, statistics tell us that only one team out of ten wins more than three-fourths of their games. Furthermore, three of the four teams which defeated C. C. in earlier games were in turn overwhelmed by C. C. in return games.

Graduation this year sees the passing of every one of this year's varsity regulars. It is a great loss that C. C. will not have one regular with whom the team of next year can be built around, but if spirit means anything, then the varsity of after years will inherit a morale that makes defeat, if not impossible, at least impracticable.

Too much cannot be said of the 1923-24 basketball team. Praise is well deserved because of their singular merit. C. C. H. S. can well be proud to have been represented by a team which partook of so many of those qualities which go to make up a team worthy of bearing the school colors, a team that showed its minds and hearts were as well developed as its bodies.

Chas. Loney, '24.



Frank S. Doriot, '19.
Our Coach.

No account of the 1923-24 athletic season would be complete without some mention of the man who directed C. C. in basketball and football.

With autumn already here, school started, and boys turning out daily for football practice, the school found itself confronted with a peculiar dilemma. It had no coach.

Efforts were made to secure several good men without success. And then with the opening game of the football season only two weeks off, the announcement was made that Frank Doriot, an alumnus of the school, had been secured.

In two weeks Doriot had whipped his squad into shape, and as a result C. C. overwhelmed Decatur in its initial contest. From then on Doriot's

direction was evident in every game and C. C.'s success on the gridiron was in a large measure attributable to him.

During the basketball season he continued the good work. He changed C. C.'s entire style of play and improved the team generally to a great extent.

Whatever success the school teams have had during the past season is the outgrowth of his direction and development, and to Doriot must go a large share of the praise which has been deservedly showered on the school team for its impressive record made in the national tournament. Chas. Loney.

C. C. and the National Catholic Tournament.

The Central Catholic High School, with an impressive season's record of sixteen victories and four defeats, was invited to attend the National Catholic High School tournament held at Loyola University, Chicago.

The "Hoosiers" were not conceded a chance and the first game found them arrayed against St. Patrick's "Chicago's Finest." The result of that contest and the succeeding ones have been written unerasably in the athletic annals of the school.

Playing in many cases on sheer nerve alone, time after time the plucky quintet emerged from the rear and turned a relevant defeat into a victory.

But it is not their victories, but their defeats that occupy the foremost place in the history of the tournament.

After having defeated three of the strongest teams in the tournament, each one of which had been doped to defeat them, C. C. was finally eliminated by Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill., the team which subsequently won the national championship.

The fierce contests which had pre-

ceded the semi-final game had told on the boys who were known as the "Praying Cardinals."

The severe and gruelling games in which they had given every ounce of energy, every bit of strength their bodies could muster, told on them and it was only then that C. C. met defeat.

The first half of that game will always remain a school tragedy. Playing fiercely, desperately, the end of the half found them trailing, ten to two. And then, in the second half, they showed the spirit characteristic of their playing throughout the entire season.

With the odds overwhelmingly against them, they came back and fought to the bitter end. They gave their best and although they did not win, their gallant efforts cannot but be appreciated. C. C. was great in victory, but defeat found them possessed of a greater, brighter crown—that of "men" who never gave up.

The Future C. C. Team.

The team that will represent the Central Catholic High School in '24 and '25 will indeed be a good one. Although not as heavy as in former years, nevertheless it should be a very fast one, and fast play is what basketball fans appreciate.

After graduation of this year only two players will be left, Elmer Lassus and Byron Evard. Occasionally Clarence Patten aided us to win. But rumor has it that much new material is available and counting on Joseph Dillon, a good team, as I said before, will be formed.

W. Bushman, '24.

Basketball.

Sturgis, 17

C. C. H. S., 16

February 15, 1924.

In a nip and tuck contest staged at

Library Hall, Sturgis High defeated C. C. H. S. by a score of 17-16. Both teams started with a rush, much fight and spirit being displayed by both teams. The score changed hands many times during the game, and it was not until Groves, Sturgis' star forward, scored the winning basket on his knees that the fans realized that the game was over.

Bushman started the scoring with a long shot, followed by Brickley, of Sturgis, tying the score. For a time neither side scored, both teams playing a defensive game. Finally Groves scored on a short shot, sending his team ahead. Pauley, playing at guard, came through with a long shot and a free toss. Clemons then tied the score with a free throw and Bayerle got away for a basket, followed by another basket by Clemons, which gave Sturgis a four-point lead. Central rallied, however, and tied the score at the half.

In the second half both teams played a guarding game and this accounts for the low score. C. C. scored six points while Sturgis made seven.

A foul on Graf gave Sturgis the lead, but Pauley tied the score with another foul. A basket by Pauley raised the score 13-11. Sturgis rallied and with a minute to play, Bushman scored a basket and Pauley added a free throw. Time was called at this point. When play was resumed, Groves dribbled the ball under the basket and kneeling, he shot the winning basket.

Line-up and summary:

	Position	C. C. H. S.
Groves	F	Bushman
Clemons	F	Husselman, Evard
Brickley	C	Graf
Bayerle	G	Pauley
Borget	G	Ferguson

Field Goals—Groves 2; Clemons 3; Brickley; Bayerle 2; Bushman 4; Pauley 3.

Foul Goals—Groves 1; Pauley 2.

Payne, 12**C. C. H. S., 38**

On the night following the fast Sturgis battle, C. C. journeyed to Payne, O., where they met the strong Public High of that place. Payne was no match for C. C., and as a result Central walked away with a 38-12 score. All of C. C.'s men played well, hitting the basket from all angles on the floor. Payne had a strong team and expected to take the sectional tournament of that district.

C. C. H. S.	Position	Payne
Bushman	F	Forman
Pauley	F	Birkhold
Belot	C	Lawson
Ferguson	G	H. Forman
Graf	G	Lehman

Substitutions—Husselman for Bushman; Lassus for Pauley; Foohey for Ferguson; Radenbaugh for Forman.

Field Goals—Bushman 4; Husselman 3; Pauley 2; Belot 4; Graf 4; Forman; Radenbaugh 2; Birkhold; Lehman.

Free Throws—Birkhold 2; Graf.

Huntington, 24**C. C. H. S., 11**

On the night of February twenty-second C. C. went to Huntington to battle the Public High of that place. Central could not connect with the basket and as a result they were beaten 24-11.

Both teams played a fast defensive game, in which Belot and Ferguson starred. Bucher was the outstanding star for Huntington. In the last two minutes of play C. C. made two baskets in quick succession, raising her total from 7 to 11. The score at the half was 7-2 in favor of Huntington.

Line-up and summary:

Huntington	Position	C. C. H. S.
Bucher	F	Bushman
Harlow	F	Pauley
Newell	C	Belot
Smith	G	Ferguson
Pearman	G	Graff

Field Goals—Bucher 5; Newell 3; Pearman 1; Belot 2; Ferguson 2.

Free Throws—Bucher 5; Newell 1; Bushman 1; Pauley 2.

Alumni, 14**C. C. H. S., 34**

February 23, 1924

Owing to an epidemic of smallpox in Pleasant Lake, the Lake High team was unable to play and the Alumni substituted for them. The Alumni put up a great battle, but the well trained varsity team was too much for them and C. C. defeated them 34-14.

The Alumni fought hard the first half to stave off defeat, but they were outwitted on every play. The old grads succeeded in obtaining but two points the first half.

The second half was slow and rough. Doriot sent in his entire second team. In the second half the Alumni scored 14 points while C. C. made 18, making the final score 34-14.

In the first game Anthony Wayne Institute defeated Lima College 23-19.

Line-up and summary:

Alumni	Position	C. C. H. S.
Bresnahan	F	Pauley
Centlivre	F	Bushman
Elliott	C	Belot
Donahue	G	Graf
Koehl	G	Foohey

Field Goals—Pauley 3; Bushman 5; Husselman 3; Belot; Evard; Graf; Bresnahan 2; Miller; Koehl 3.

Free Throws—Pauley 2; Bushman; Graf 2; Foohey.

St. Mary's, 25**C. C. H. S., 37**

February 29, 1924

On the evening of February twenty-ninth a double-header was staged for the benefit of the missions. In the first game of the evening St. Catherine's Academy defeated St. Augustine's team by a score of 13-11.

In the second game of the evening C. C. met and defeated the strong St. Mary's quintet by the score of 37-25.

The game was hard fought and it was not until the latter part of the second half that C. C. had things their own way.

Husselman started the scoring for

C. C. with a shot under the basket. Pauley followed closely with another basket. Alter and Zurbuch, whose shooting was a feature of the game, each dropped in a couple of baskets apiece and gained the lead. Central managed to score another basket before the half ended, making the score 15-14.

The second half started off in the same manner as the first half, first C. C. holding the lead and then St. Mary's. St. Mary's could not stand the fast pace set by Central and finally fell behind. Alter and Zurbuch showed best for St. Mary's, while Husselman and Pauley starred for C. C. Graf and Ferguson played good games at guard.

Line-up and summary:

C. C. H. S.	Position	St. Mary's
Husselman	F	Bonitas
Bushman	F	Alter
Ferguson	C	Zurbuch
Pauley	G	Carr
Graf	G	Lindeman

free Throws—Graf; Pauley; Alter 2; Lassus; Zurbuch.
Referee—Logan.

Referee Program

St. Patrick's, 10 C. C. H. S., 24
March 21, 1924

In the last game of the season before the National Catholic Tournament C. C. H. S. played the St. Patrick's Wonder Five. Central's men were in fine form and as a result walked away with the game by the score of 24-10.

St. Patrick's was no match for the well oiled C. C. team. Pauley, flashy forward, slipped by the Saints' guards for seven baskets from the field. Bushman, who played a wonderful passing game, garnered three field goals.

At the end of the half Central was leading 16-5. In the latter part of the second half Coach Doriot sent in his entire second team, which finished

with the score of 24-10.

This game marked the final appearance of Captain Bushman, Graf, Paulley, Ferguson, Belot and Husselman in C. C.'s colors on the local floor.

Line-up and summary:

St. Patrick's	Position	C. C. H. S.
Bonifas	F	Bushman
W. McCarthy	F	Husselman, Pauley
E. McCarthy	C	Belot
DuWan	G	Graf
W. DuWan	G	Ferguson

Field Goals—Bushman 3; Pauley 7; Bonifas 2; W. McCarthy; E. McCarthy.

Free Throws—Bushman; Belot 2; Pauley; E. McCarthy; Bouifas.

Referee—Logan.

Celts Win Championship.

With but one defeat and thirteen victories as records show, the Celts won the championship of the Senior League in easy fashion.

The winning team is composed of Dillon, Elliot, McCarthy, Strebig and Shea.

This year's Senior League was probably the most successful ever witnessed in the school. The games were all hard fought and were looked after by the manager of the league, who allowed no forfeits.

The students took more interest in the games this year than ever before and there was always a large number of backers at the games to cheer their team to victory.

The Wolverines, a Senior class team, took second place, closely followed by the Peerless Five, the only team to boast of a victory over the champs.

"Bud" McCarthy, the captain of the Celts, was the high score man of the league. Out of thirteen games he made 111 points. Shea was next with 93 points and "Shorty" Becker, of the Wolverines, was third with 87 points out of thirteen games.

The varsity players officiated, and all the games were handled in fine style. Joe Lassus was the manager of the Celts; Weber and Dolan attended to the time and the scoring. Strebiger, who has had much experience in the newspaper line, took care of all the publicity.

Much care and interest was taken in the games by Brother Norbert, C. S. C., and the great success of that achieved by both the Senior and Junior class leagues, was due to him.

Eugene Shea, '25.

Fort Wayne's Best.

Central Catholic, a team to try
To win a tourney up at Chi;
So in the first game that we won,
Chicago's best were soon outdone.

Then in the second round that came
We trimmed Duluth and won that game;
They fought us hard all the way,
But old C. C. showed them how to play.

There came the Cleveland Latin Five,
But again we came out alive;
For in the last few minutes we had the ball,
So we passed it around so as not to stall

Then Sunday came the final test,
To try and beat Illinois' best;
But the strain of the days before
Told on us and also the score.

The game ended to our dismay,
'Cause we were eliminated from the fray;
And the only thing that was left to do
Was beat Kansas City, who were also blue.

That night in a consolation game
We lost again, our second game;
Cause De LaSalle was too fast
And we were tired and did not last.

The score was twenty-four to twenty,
And of basketball we've had plenty;
So fourth place is not so bad,
But first, second or third we could have had.

So Bush, Luke, Huss and Graf,
Fergie, Evard and Pauley can laugh.
For practice is all over now,
'Cause only work can sweat our brow.

Howard Pauley, '24.

Rooters.

When the standbys from home arose amidst
that throng
And poured forth the notes of our old vic-
tory song;
Our hearts leaped with pride and forced us
to try
To bring back the trophy to old Central
High.
We played a good game, but finally lost out,
Our opponents played better, there is not
the least doubt.
We all praised the winners—how could we
refuse,
For we knew how to win and how to lose.
Luke Belot.

The Guards.

The guarding of Graf and Ferguson, too,
Scored high for our team as everyone knew.
And Hesselman's passing was classy and
clean,
While Evard was helping, was plain to be
seen.
When our muscles were knotted and nerves
sorely tried,
Our faithful old friends were there by our
side.
They tenderly soothed us though the pain
made us shout,
But they rubbed and they rubbed until they
rubbed them all out. Luke Belot.

Forwards.

Enough of the singing, lets have a new song
And give of the praises where they belong;
To Doriot, our coach, who has guided us
through
The long lane of trials that he alone knew.
Brother Daniel's advice that he gave us each
day,
To always play clean and to know how to
pray.
The team and the coach and the standbys of
old
Care naught for themselves—just the Purple
and Gold. Luke Belot.

A Thought.

The crack of bats and the smack of gloves
Sounds out above the coo of doves;
The man and boy, the poet and bum,
Say that "Baseball and spring have come."

Penance

'Twas early in the time of Lent,
 As I was wand'ring by;
 I saw a man whose crime gave vent
 Beneath the dark night sky.
 He called to me in whisp'ring tone;
 I thought it rather funny.
 He said if I would act alone
 I'd earn a "lot" of money.
 Reluctantly I said I'd go,
 His orders were my pilot;
 But you might know my conscience tho,
 Was in a fearful riot.
 And then as I was working busy,
 My head was hit on top;
 I looked up and, although quite dizzy,
 Beheld a great big cop.
 He placed me in this prison cold,
 And locked me up so tight.
 That now I wish I'd been more bold
 To shrink from crime that night.
 But now I hear 'tis Easter Day,
 When all glad hearts speak cheer;
 Oh! how I long to break away,
 To dash away from here.
 To yonder church bell's joyous peal,
 I'd hasten forth today;
 Who knows what peace my soul would feel,
 My homage there to pay.
 For many days I sat confined
 In this cold prison barred;
 From now on I will just be kind,
 My heart is sore and scarred.

John Martin, '24.

A Prayer

I would like to be brave and bolder,
 Just a bit wiser because I am older.
 And just a bit kinder to those I may meet,
 Just a bit manlier taking defeat.
 This for the next year, my wish and my plea.
 Thus I would like to be just a bit finer,
 More of a smiler and less of a whiner;
 Just a bit quicker to stretch out my hand,
 Helping another whose struggling to stand.
 This is my prayer for the next year to be.
 I would like to be just a bit fairer,
 Just a bit better and just a bit squarer;
 Not quite so ready to censor and blame,
 Quicker to help every man in the game.
 This is my prayer for the next year you see.

Aaron Sorg, '24.

Reap Your Rewards

(With Apologies to Helen H. Neff's
 "Kind Words.")
 Whenever your conscience
 Would prompt you to say
 Something that's "kind in a very kind
 way":
 Don't pause a moment,
 But speak; 'cause probably in time,
 A good word spoken to you
 Will make you feel fine.
 One good little word
 You may drop here or there,
 May lessen the sorrow
 Someone has to bear;
 While a mean word
 That at times you will speak,
 Is bound to come back
 For revenge, with a shriek.
 Keep all your frowns,
 They make one feel sad;
 Smile all the while
 For they make one feel glad.
 And if always you smile
 And always you're grand,
 You will always be wanted
 All over the land.

Clifford E. McCormick, '25.

The Pictures on the Wall

Don't tear the pictures from the wall,
 Nor take them from the hook;
 Don't hide away those memories
 Which bring a tender look.
 Don't let your neighbors make you feel
 At evening when they call,
 That you are somewhat old-fashioned,
 With pictures on the wall.
 Don't think your life is incomplete
 If riches fail to come;
 Although you work unfailingly,
 Long past the setting sun.
 Your golden dreams of long ago
 Will come true after all,
 When you have those worthwhile treasures
 Your pictures on the wall.
 Life will be sweet through all the years,
 With neither gold nor fame,
 If you live in love's sweet fragrance
 From whence those pictures came.
 How sweet it is to wander back
 And gaze in memory's hall,
 To live again the olden days—
 With your pictures on the wall.

Luke Belot, '24.



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low students. How many do you know by name? Count them and see.

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Easter Joy

The children say 'tis Easter Day,
The rabbit left his eggs;
Some pictures on them, funny, too—
Like dogs with cats' hind legs.
The robins gay go chirping 'way
When they see that we're near;
Their cheerful notes of melody
Say "Easter Time is here."
Each little boy is full of joy,
He wears a brand new suit;
A clean new shirt, new stockings, too,
And bright new shoes "to boot."
'Tis Easter Day because they say,
If you will notice that
Each maiden fair, no matter where,
Puts on a nice new hat.
In every heart is set apart
A place for tidings glad;
Each person knows and speaks to those
Who might perhaps feel sad.
But these are few, I say to you,
This season of the year;
They who were sad are now quite glad,
For Easter Time is here.

G. J. Nordenbrock, '24.

Easter Day

Inside the full church that day,
When humming throngs were going
To receive the bread of heaven
We saw the faith was growing.
Recall the day that Christ arose,
He then had but few followers;
They grew in wondrous grace since then
As lovely woodland flowers.
Nearly nineteen hundred long years
It has grown into might;
And with the dawn they go to church
To pray with a soul so white.
Sweeter than rose or carnation;
Fresher than the newest gem;
The Easter Lilly comes forth upon
The newly grown stem.
Just as Jesus arose one morn
While husky guards were watching;
Amid the clamoring noise of stone
They heard angels singing.
We have a time to remember
The happenings in every way;
Amid the greatest days of past
Easter is now the day.

W. J. Pepe, '24.

Easter Morn.

Our Saviour rose on Easter morn,
His beauty has not lost its hue.
And thus the Lord by lance and thorn
Has shown His love for "me" and you.
Raphael Perrey, '25.

Easter Day

The snow is bright and gleaming
And from o'er the distant bay,
Distant chimes are ringing,
'Tis joyous Easter Day.

Blithe voices gladly singing,
The voices of the young and gay;
And let us all be praising,
This joyous Easter Day.

The little snow-bird winging
Their cold and weary way,
And the happy Easter you'll be having,
This is the Lord's own day.

George Cheviron, '24.

A Patriot

There was a man who wrote a song,
It did not take him very long.
He wrote a song that lives today,
His song will never fade away.
A Victory song is what he wrote,
And is correct in every note.
The national anthem, he proudly wrote,
When in prison on a boat.
The man I write of you can see
Is the patriot, Francis Scott Key.
He guarded well on land and sea
The emblem of our liberty.
The Stars and Stripes were dear to him;
He loved that flag, when his eyes grew dim.
No traitor dare that flag betray;
Its worth means much to us today.
Gloriously our flag will wave
O'er the land and home of the free and the
brave.
The inspiration that came to Key
Made him write the song of Victory.
The men who died, that we might live,
Knew, too, that we, our lives would give.
Our flag will wave from sun to sun
With the names of Key and Washington.

Louis Belot, '24.

**"A Pessimist Is a Man Who
Chews All His Bitter Pills"**

Remember

"You can't be optimistic
with misty optics"



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"Patience Rewarded"

Abe Dugan was an Irishman bold,
Who liked his girl but loved his gold.
Each day he'd while the hours away
In dreaming of his coming pay.
His loving girl, whose name was Lena,
Played upon a concertina.
She dreamed of cottages and of rigs,
And lots of happy little "gigs."
But all the thoughts above Abe's collar
Were fancies of his shiny dollar.
He would to marriage give no thought;
Poor Lena's pleas were all for naught.
Until to Lena there came a letter
And Abe began to love her better.
It said, "Upon the death of Uncle Jerry,
Of all his gold, he left you every berry."
Abe and Lena are now happily wed,
What more about them could be said?
And cottages Lena has nearly seven,
While Abe his children number eleven.
The moral of this sweet love affair:
"Hold out 'till your girl becomes an heir."
For although your wife may be a "dove,"
It's hard to eat and live on love.

Orval R. Waite, '24.

'Tis the Voice of Spring Fever.

"'Tis the voice of spring fever,"
I hear him complain;
"You have waked me too soon,
I must slumber again."
I passed by his garden.
I saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle
Go broader and higher.
The clothes that hang on him
Are turning to rags;
His work stands unfinished,
While his spirit lags.
Life holds no reward
For this drowsy head;
He'll soon be forgotten
As though he were dead.

Leslie Roussey, '24.

Spring.

Spring, oh spring, when the earth is green
And mud grabs a hold on your new machine,
And then for aid you send in a call;
They collect five bucks for Nature, that's all.

Stephan Kelly, '25.

Thoughts

This old desk does seem to say,
Get to work and do not play;
I am happy when you work,
Sad and lonely when you shirk.

You will not get along in life
Without some worry, work and strife;
Do not think you'll sail through school,
When you think this, you are a fool.

When you get old and feeble and gray,
You can proudly look back to this day;
When you willingly listen to me,
The value of this you now can see.

Gerald Becker, '24.

Our Lives.

Lives of great men do remind us,
We should apply ourselves at school;
And shape the lives that are before us
According to the golden rule.

James Strebig, '25.

Golf.

George Washington never told a lie,
That wonderful record he made;
Still most of the critics will observe,
In his day, golf was never played.

Thomas Doyle, '25.

Courtesy.

Easter brings no flowers for those
Who have few friends and many foes.
So why not let us try and see
What perfect gentlemen we can be.

Joseph Pepe, '25.

Worse.

Hi lee, hi lo, I say good night,
Could anything be worse?
I say it could. I have to write
Four lines of "nutty" verse.

Stephen Kelly, '25.

Fast.

Fast is he at basketball,
A demon in the study--hall;
His work is slack, his look is "glum,"
The teacher knows that spring has come.

Gregory Kennerk, '25.

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At the Crossroads of Life.

When a lad, I had left my old home on the farm,
I drifted like others along without harm.
I sipped of life's pleasures, but none of its cares,
'Till I came to the pathway that led to despair.
There the path of primroses, lured on day by day,
But flung those aside who dared to block the way
To the pit of destruction, to misery and strife,
Then I knew that I had come to the crossroads of life.
Down the road to the left there was anguish pain
In the hearts that were broken, from pleading in vain;
And those poor human wrecks, on the last lap of time
Were straying with idleness, the parent of crime.
Like the oak that is mighty, defying the gale
When it is broken and crushed in that dark, sunless trail,
So the will that's unyielding will break in the end,
And amid bitter tears cast off every friend.
On the last lap of time, on the pathway of life,
There's endurance and duty, opposing all strife;
Obedience and virtue will climb the steep road,
And happiness will follow and lighten the load.
Like the weak little rushes that bend to the wind,
They will leave you unharmed, unbroken and kind.
If you turn to the right you will find peace that is real,
For earth has no sorrows that God cannot heal.

Louis A. Belot.

Satisfaction

The things of this earth
Do fill us with love;
We all know their worth,
They came from above.

Gregory Nordenbrock, '24.

Our Last Day.

The years are swiftly rolling by,
As the sages say oft with a sigh;
And the things which we do today
Are the things for which tomorrow we must pay.

Whether we have made others joyful or sad;
Whether we have made others oyful or sad;
Our day of reckoning will come,
Welcome to a few, feared by some.

Bernard Kearns, '25.

The Happiest Days of My Career

The happiest days of my career
Are swiftly passing by right here;
And though, each day I would prolong
These gayest days are like a song.
In years to come my heart will sigh,
With memories oft, of C. C. High.

Orval Waite, '24.

Gone!

The cowboy went to the drug store,
Full of joy he went for a treat;
He had no coin to pay his bill,
So they booted him out to the street.

Next he went to the theatre,
To the lady in the box did he wink;
"I am a friend of the manager," said he,
"And my purse is on the 'blink'."

"No money, no ticket," said she,
"For can you not easily see,
That for you to get a ticket,
You first pay the coin to me."

Joseph Morrison, '25.

Well! Well! Richard!

There was a young lad named Orff,
Who fell in the lake from a wharf.
But he said with great vim,
"I just wanted a swim,
So you needn't think I fell 'arff'.."

James J. Strebiger, '25.

Inspiration

Why sit and frown
With lips curled down?
Let's have some fun,
My Duty's done.

Aaron Sorg, '24.

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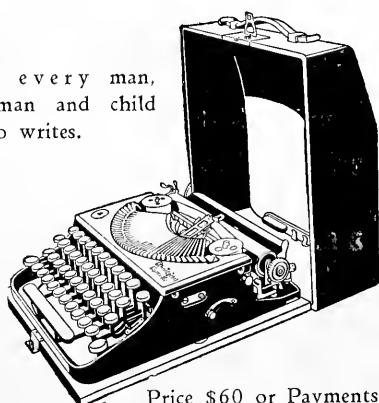


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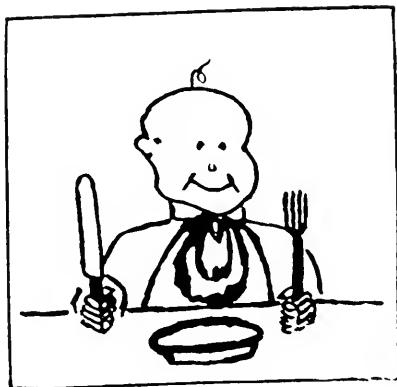


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Senior Class Notes.

The Senior Class started the last half year of its high school days with thirty-two members of the class still sailing on the good ship twenty-four. Spring weather, baseball and thoughts of the Senior Dance have combined to make the Seniors busy men. And in every Senior's mind rankles the question, "When are the Juniors going to



give us the feed?"

Charlie "Horse" Graf has joined our select club of "Tillers of the Soil," now numbering Lomont, Pepe, Schuckle, Nordenbrock and Graf as members. Charlie says he likes the farm.

Luke Belot is daily becoming more and more proficient in the gentle profession of cartooning, and gives great promise of some day becoming a great cartoonist.

Geo. Flick, the boy prodigy, in obtaining nicknames, tells us his real name is George Washington (Flick).

"Bozo" Gardner is an example of what a high school education can do for a person. He says by staying away from the barber shop and shaving himself he can save money. Al says he has only cut himself thirteen times since he boycotted the barber.

Mike Hogan says Diek's and Kelker's Lakeside Club is very exclusive. He says he tried several times to join

but got blackballed every time.

Les Roussey, the one and only rival of Valentino, says he has burned out several sets of brake linings trying to slow up to the rest of the class.

The Seniors are busy planning to make this year's picnic the greatest ever, and are also counting the precious days till commencement.

The Senior Class is working (if that be possible) hard to finish the allotted course. Many things are looked forward to: sunny days, the Senior play, the Senior dance, and lastly, the annual Junior-Senior Banquet.

Preparations are being made by the Seniors for their dance to be given about May 15th at Wolf & Dessauer's Auditorium.

The Senior Class has taken a great part in the activities of the school. The debating team, consisting of Loney, Miller, Roussey, Kelker, Parrot and Hussianman, made a splendid showing in their respective contests.

The basketball team which made such a splendid showing at Chicago, capturing the fourth place in the national tourney, was made up of the following Seniors: Bushman, Graf, Ferguson, Pauley, Belot and Hussianman. Many members of the class journeyed to Chicago to lend their moral support to the team.

Graf, after seeing so many Yellow Cabs in Chicago, exclaimed: "Say! Does everybody living in Chicago own a Yellow Cab?"

Says the team:

One day Luke took us to dinner.
Now all us boys are very much thinner.

Mr. Arthur Miller has decided to defend his title as champion marble player of the school! Please bring your own marbles.

James Kelker, '24.

Alfred Gardner, '24.

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Junior Class Notes.

Well, folks, just a line to let you know what the Juniors have been doing. Of course, the main thing at hand is Brother Daniel's celebration, the largest of its kind ever held in the annals of old C. C. All who attended were loud in their praise of the way the affair was handled, and, naturally, the Juniors were back of it. Art Zuber, our snappy president, ably assisted by Berghoff, Haffner, Libbing, Eggeman and others, have to be given the credit for the success.

Another large celebration handled successfully by the Juniors was the homecoming of the basketball team from Chicago. Again Zuber showed himself to be a fine manager of such affairs, and by his direction the parade was gotten off in fine style.

In the course of a class meeting held late in February, it was decided that the Juniors should get class rings this year. Accordingly, a very handsome ring was selected and ordered. It is reported that many Juniors, unused to carrying so great valuables on their persons, have already started to make blackjacks to protect their treasures.

Encouraged by the fine success of our Hallowe'en dance, the class of twenty-five prepared to make our Junior Prom the best ever. The hop was held at the K. C. Hall on the evening of April 24.

Since the arrival of the first sweet signs of spring conversation has already turned to the blessed topic of class picnics. Realizing the fine time we had last year at Blue Lake, a quorum of Juniors want the picnic for this year to be a three-day affair. Sounds good, and plans are already hatched. Giddyap Napoleon.

As spring football practice time is

nearly at hand, it behooves us to look over the class of twenty-five's likely contributions. Captain Mulligan, McCormick, Berghoff, Libbing and McLaughlin will undoubtedly secure regular positions, and there is much fine football material in such men as Baltes, Patten, Noll, Steinbacher, and many other Juniors who will undoubtedly try for berths on the team. Brother Daniel thinks that "Bluff" Libbing is big enough and ought to hold a half a line by himself. We sure hope he does.

Lately Orff has been getting more airings in Chemistry Class than the Teapot Dome scandal has in the senate. Brother Andrew takes no stock in Dick's funny sayings, whereby the latter retires outside the class room for a while. By request. One day Orff asked Brother whether he was familiar with his jokes. The latter replied that he was, and had been long before our classmate was old enough to tell them.

Clarence Patten, star pitcher, showed rare form in spring training, held in the first part of April. Patten deemed it necessary to catch a fly and started to do so. Somehow his hands mixed themselves up and the result was a crack on the head and a black eye. If the ball would have been able to talk, I suppose it would have said, "Clarence, don't treat me so rough."

"Billie" Noll, our contribution to the society section, is coming to school in his personal car. Juniors wonder why he drives such a cheap automobile. It's a Pierce-Arrow.

Richard Torres, the little Mexican student of the Freshman Class, seems to be a great favorite with the Junior after-school Spanish Class. Steinbacher says he can get more Spanish sentences correct in five minutes with Richard around than he could in an

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hour with a stack of Spanish grammars and dictionaries.

One of the most original excuses of the year was recently forwarded by Melvin Waltz. Melvin said he was late for Spanish Class because he had to comb his hair. Brother invited him around at 3:30 to comb his hair in Spanish. Waltz appeared with a bottle of imported olive oil.

I wonder why "Butch" Parrot comes to school all "dolled" up and then waits until fifteen to twelve to take the street car home. O, that's right. He waits for that car that all those Central High girls ride home on.

Miskel's favorite song seems to be "I ain't nobody's darling," thereby informing us why his school work has improved so wonderfully during the last month.

Eugene Haffner, the boy who punches holes in doughnuts, maintains that Clara M. Murphy's is the best place to have your hair marcelled. We're not in a position to argue with you, but how about it, Eugene? We've heard you've tried all of the beauty parlors.

Bob Eggeman is now paying rent for two chairs. He has grown so tall that he cannot arrange himself comfortably in one chair. Bob vows he is going to smoke cigarettes to stunt his growth.

Will some kind reader solve Tom Doyle's difficulty? He wants to know why "It ain't gonna rain no more."

Perrey, our Chemistry wiz, is taking up with the fast set and has become quite a "man about town." He distributes light bills.

Well I think it is about time to cease these ravings. I have exhausted my vocabulary, and strained my imagination (?) and exams are staring me in the face. Let us work and pray for enlightenment in our time of trials and troubles.

James Roy, '25.

Sophomores.

The Sophomores had a good delegation at the tournament in Chicago. Besides Evard, who represented the class as a member of the team, the following Sophomores made the trip: Alpheus Bailey, John Fitzgerald, Steve Kelleher, Jack McVey, Lowell Elliot, Francis Corbett and Norbert Suelzer. Irwin says others wanted to make the trip, but sickness and the irony of fate kept some of our number at home.

The Sophomore Glee Club, composed of Richard Bentley, Maurice Clover, Byron Evard, John Fitzgerald, Leonard Heit, Elmer Lassus, Ernest Miller, Carl Pequignot and Neil Thompson, joined the Senior Glee Club for a combined number for the celebration of Brother Daniel's Silver Jubilee on St. Joseph's Day. Carl Pequignot, Robert Neuman, John Fitzgerald, Ernest Miller, Byron Evard and Neil Thompson, members of the orchestra, helped furnish the music for the occasion. Carl Pequignot made the presentation of the school gift.

The Sophomore debating teams have been making a good showing for themselves by appearing before outside audiences, first at St. Catherine's Academy, where they defeated a C. C. H. S. Junior team, and later at the Sacred Heart Academy just after Easter. The debaters are Carl Pequignot, Giles Pierre, Ernest Miller, Paul Freiburger, John Fitzgerald and Francis Corbett. Francis Corbett was chairman of the Decatur-C. C. H. S. debate at Decatur, and while the judges were arriving at a decision, the chairman entertained the audiences with a couple of his characteristic monologues.

The Sophomore Class basketball team, composed of Alpheus Bailey, Herman Beimer, John Fitzgerald, Paul



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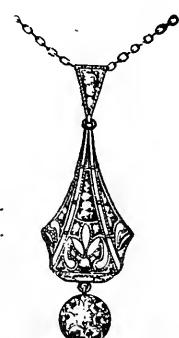
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Lerch, Lowell Elliot, Jack McVey, Ed Shea and Cyril Romary, won the league championship by defeating the Celts by one point in a fast and may we not say "rough" game.

Since Cid Romary, Johnny Fitzgerald and Al Bailey received their classy monogram sweaters, they go around the school as though they owned the place. Romary assured McHugh that the B. P. does not mean "Baby Pups" but he seems to have a man's job convincing fellow students that the initials really stand for the words, Blue Prints.

Lerch and DeWald are trying to arrange for the Sophomore Field Day events to be held at Rome City this year. DeWald has been kind enough to give the class the use of boats and the cottage on Sylvan Lake for the occasion. Freeman thinks Warsaw is a better place for the picnic, while Freiburger, Krouse and Stack think a good place can be found around Yoder. Kennerk wants the boys to use the woods of his country estate, while the class officers are in favor of our last year's place. The picnic will be held the last week of May.

Paul App wishes to assure our readers that the use of the "Pathfinder" is proving both interesting and useful. Smith, Schultheis, Sorg and Siebenaler highly approve of the editor's selection of verse.

Jack Cain is now an authority when the conversation turns to "Speaking of Operations." Jack is back in school after having a successful operation for appendicitis.

Speaking of authority on a given subject, Sigl specializes in the shoe market; Halter in hat sales; Ferguson in leather goods; Jett in shows; Manachio has the popcorn market cornered; Connors specializes in sports, Johnson in silence, and Robert Pequignot

not in study.

Our K. K. K.'s, Kelker, Keller and Krantz, have not been very active along revolutionary lines of late. Our new arrival, Carl Schwieters, who is doing special work in our class, is wielding a good influence over our night riders. **Alpheus Bailey, '26.**

Herman Biemer, '26.

Sigl Says:

If Skinny Irwin would wear a red, white and blue necktie on a windy day we might think he was a flag-pole.

Someone told us confidentially that Ernie Miller gets up at five o'clock every morning so that he can beat his sister to the curling iron.

Extra—Red Welch got a sheik haircut. He thinks he'll have his roof shingled next time.

Ki Pequignot says a Ford Sedan is a great saving on car checks.

Biemer Says:

If Miller ever runs out of fancy sox, the world is apt to come to a sudden and disastrous end.

Lerch and Pequignot are developing great powers of remembering signals since spring practice is the order of the day.

Dick Bentley is looking toward a prosperous future as manager of Everybody's Drug Store, where he now spends every other night as soda dispenser.

Corbett led the angry mob safely to and from Columbia City a short time ago. Strange that no one was arrested.

It will soon be time for Mayor Stack, of Yoder, to choose his common council. It is being purred around that Krouse will move there and relieve Christman as councilman-at-large.

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Freshmen Class Notes.

With Easter vacation over, the next thing we have to look to is our class picnic, which will be held either on Ascension Day or the day following, which will be Decoration Day. Plans are under way to make a big event of our first class picnic.

The Freshmen were represented at Chicago during the tournament by our class president, Paul Martin, and by John Stooey, our noise maker. Martin was elected cheer leader for the Fort Wayne rooters at Chicago, and the way he handled the crowd made the Chicago people stand up and take notice.

In the home-coming parade it will be remembered that the Freshmen were the only ones to use their own moving power. The Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors rode in autos.

Since our last class notes were written we have received two new students, John Pequignot from the Central High, and Richard Torres, of Mexico City. Both are good students and splendid mixers.

The Freshmen are well represented in the school orchestra. John Pequignot is really an artist on the violin; Lawrence Trainer plays the cornet; Joseph Hoog and Edward Sorg are violinists; Walter Blosser handles the traps, and John Stooey manipulates the saxaphone. Those who are preparing to enter the orchestra are Robert Tucker, Kenneth Bennigan, Robert Sosenheimer and Paul Thompson, who belong to the mandolin club, and Norbert Koch, who plays the saxaphone. Father Dapp is doing splendid work with the musicians and preparations are being made for an outside performance.

We have some very good baseball material in our class. Firman Dillon,

Lawrence Christman and Kenneth Bennigan are trying to beat out Babe Ruth in handling the ball. Every free moment finds them practicing in the yard.

Spring football practice, which started the Tuesday after Easter, found several Freshmen trying out for next year's team.

We were all very sorry when Paul Schrantz was forced to leave our school. Poor Paul had to return to Marion to help look after affairs after the death of both mother and father. His parents died within eleven days of each other.

Among those out of school for a week or more on account of sickness are Edward Sorg and Joseph Didion.

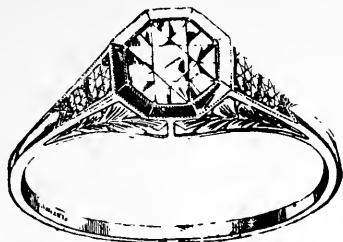
On the Jubilee program the Freshmen had a special representative in the person of John Pequignot, who gave a splendid violin solo. An "Ave Maria" was very appropriate for a St. Joseph's day celebration. Robert Tucker was a member of the committee in charge of the program and several Freshmen played in the orchestra for the occasion.

The thought of Easter and of the many clothing sales has turned many Freshmen to wearing long trousers. Bennigan, Underwood, McDonald, Eyanson and Christman are among the number.

Speaking of new clothing, Walter Luley just purchased a new green and white sweater that would make an Easter lily blush.

To the Junior league in basketball the Freshmen class contributed five teams: The Tigers, K. T. J.'s, Ramblers, Little Giants and the Midgets.

The members of our class are Alles, Andorfer, Bell, Bendele, Bennigan, Bercot, Berghoff, Bobay, Blosser, Buckheit, Christman, DeWood, Didion, Dillon, Ennis, Eyanson, Feaser,



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Paul Thompson, '27.

Leonard Andorfer, '27.

John Koehl, '27.

**Press Comments on
February Issue.**

**FEBRUARY ISSUE OF THE
ECHO BEING DISTRIBUTED**

Interesting Issue of Quarterly Publication of Catholic High Students Off the Press—Contains Many Features.

The February issue of The Echo, quarterly publication of the students of the Central Catholic High School, has just been published and is being distributed to its readers today. The February issue compares favorably with the best issues of the magazine, since its beginning seven years ago. Throughout the magazine features of every kind are carried, each dealing with some particular form of literary endeavor or student activity. The work is a tribute to those who made it possible.

The current issue of the publication is dedicated to Washington and Lincoln, whose birthdays occur this month, and the first five pages are devoted to patriotic features on the immortal Americans. Among the very worth-while phases of the publication are: Poems, short stories, essays, editorials, news stories on school affairs, scholastic and athletic; book reviews,

statistics on education and Fort Wayne's industrial prominence; eulogies on Woodrow Wilson, notes on members of the various classes and a comprehensive review of theh activitiies of alumni and old students. * * *

Eighty pages are contained in the February Echo, and along with the prose of the magazine are carried a number of attractive illustrations, many of them sketched by students of the school. —News-Sentinel.

* * *

**C. C. H. S. QUARTERLY
A PATRIOTIC NUMBER**

Dedicated to Washington and Lincoln—February Issue Attractive.

Dedicated to Washington and Lincoln, whose birthdays were observed this month, the February issue of The Echo, a quarterly publication of the students of the Central Catholic High School, is being distributed today. Between its covers, adorned with the Stars and Stripes and bordered with the national colors, are 80 pages devoted to articles, pictures and advertising. Patriotic features on "The Father of Our Country" and "The Great Emancipator" occupy the first five pages, which are also well illustrated.

With the approach of St. Patrick's day the boys also extoll the patron saint of Ireland and three lovely poems are presented. Louis Belot, of the Senior class, is the author of one of the trio entitled "The Land of St. Patrick."

The issue contains a number of well written editorials, eulogies on Woodrow Wilson, short stories, book reviews, scholastic and athletic reviews, statistics on education and Fort Wayne's industrial prominence, class notes, a review of the activities of old students and alumni.—Journal-Gazette.

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Portable Adding Machine

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Rewards Are Paid for Knowledge

Some Queer Advertisements.

An exchange publishes a few instances of publicity errors which are decidedly amusing. For instance:

Sign in bakery window: "Home-made pize."

Card in restaurant: "Small steak, 20 cents. Extra small steak, 25 cents."

Advertisement in poultry journal: "Plymouth Rock hens ready to lay \$1.25 each."

From a prepared-roofing ad: "Its bright-red color is permanent and will remain permanent."

A Milwaukee paper informs us that "John Huckbody, of Wausau, lost thirty chickens by freezing to death."

On a coupon: "The holder of this coupon when properly punched is entitled to one of our beautiful photographs."

In His Neighbor's Eyes.

"I have been reflecting," said an old-timer, "upon the case of the average man, as his neighbors see him.

"If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.

"If he is in politics, it's for pork. If he is not in politics, one can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

"If he gives not to charity, then he's a stingy dog. If he does give, it's for show.

"If he is active in religion, he is a hypocrite. If he evinces no interest in matters spiritual, he's a hardened sinner.

"If he shows affection, he's a soft sentimental. If he seems to care for no one, he's cold-blooded.

"If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he attains old age, he has missed his calling."—The Lamb.

Good Advice From Many Sources.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

Some School Boy Definitions.

Some "howlers" from school examinations are printed in a daily paper.

"A blizzard is the middle of a hen."

"Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels."

"When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix."

"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

"Posting means setting on a post."

These are probably intentional examples of school-room wit:

"A mountain range is a large sized cook stove."

"To stop nosebleed, stand on your head till your heart stops beating."

"The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene."—The Outlook.

In Springtime.

I sometimes drop the fish a line,
But can't deny,
These little overtures of mine
Get no reply.

—Exchange.

HIGH SCHOOL SUITS

For

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

With Extra Pants

\$20.00 \$22.50 \$25.00

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Why Be Well?

Jud Tunkins says patent medicine ads are so attractive that it makes a man who has his health feel like he was missing something.—Washington (D. C.) Evening Star.

Lost: Four credits by a H. S. student on account of poor work. Finder please return. Reward.

Fresh—"What course do you take?"

Senior—"The course of least resistance."

Customer—"A dime's worth of oysters, please."

Waiter (with ominous politeness)—"Yes, sir. With or without?"

Customer—"With or without what?"

Waiter—"Pearls, sir."

Magistrate—Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?

Burglar—Yes, Yer Honor. It's a bit thick bein' identified by a man wot kept 'is head under the bed clothes the whole time.—London Opinion.

"I've decided not to drink coffee in the morning any more."

"Is that so? How come?"

"It keeps me awake during my morning classes."

She—"Where do you get your jokes?"

He—"Oh, out of the air."

She—"Then I suggest you get some fresh air."

She—"I'll marry you on one condition."

He—"Oh, that's all right. I entered college with four."

Can you imagine what would happen if a lady barber was shaving a man's throat when a mouse started to run across the floor?

Free Translation.

A certain Siamese teacher is remembered by a former missionary chiefly because of his unique definitions of English words. Some of these are the following:

Kick—A verb of the foot.

Hop—A verb of the frog.

Liar—A bad adjective for boy.

Flattery—A good kind of curse word.

Wig—Hypocrite hair.

Bullet—Son of a gun.

Whisky—Sin water.

Expensive Golf.

"My time," said the magnate, "is worth \$100 a minute."

"Well," answered his friend, casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of golf.—Selected.

It Wasn't Her Fault.

Gossiping Woman (intent on slander)—"One-half of the world don't know how the other half lives."

Neighbor (shortly)—"Well, that isn't your fault."—New York Freeman's Journal.

Practical Gardening.

"We had an expert on intensive gardening before our club last evening."

"Sounds interesting."

"Yes; he read a most instructive paper on how to raise a tulip in a tomato can."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Could See Her Three Blocks.

"Officer," said a lady much above the usual avoirdupois, "could you see me across the street?"

"Madam, I could see you three blocks!"—Judge.

When Thinking of
JEWELRY

Think of

Bruder-Calhoun Co.
"The Old Store"

THE L. & L. CO.

Stores of Cheerful Service

816 Calhoun Street

For many years *value* has been our guiding star. We have bought and sold with *value* always in mind. As a result, today we are the acknowledged leading Cash Credit Store in Fort Wayne, offering everybody the privilege of buying Quality Wearing Apparel on the most

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Verdict—It's

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DRUG STORE

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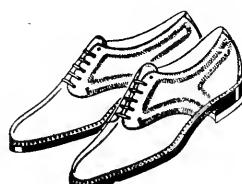
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\$4.98

Black or Brown Oxfords for Young
Men—With "Trouser Crease"

G. R. KINNEY CO., INC.

207 EAST MAIN STREET

Advertise in "The Echo" and Get Results

Events of Today.

Cid Romary will wrestle Red Manachio this evening for the heavyweight championship of Room 8.

Red Welch and Bud Clover will match their wits in a game of solitary at eight o'clock tonight. The game will be played at the Lyceum.

Jew Halter will box Shorty Freeman this evening in a fifteen-round bout which will be held in the Court House. Spectators are asked to refrain from throwing old shoes, rotten tomatoes and dead fish.

Judge Corbett and Ed Shea will battle for the Ping Pong championship tonight. An exciting battle is promised. The admission fee will be three stale pretzels. Ladies invited.

Mr. John Fitzgerald will entertain this evening with a game of Mah Jongg.

Many young men and women will be entertained this evening at the home of Herman Biemer. Bunco and poker will be played.

Schultheis and Ferguson.

Once there was a traffic cop who was so kind and considerate and who never failed, when the engine died on the street, to come over and say, "That's too bad. But don't get excited. Take your time getting her out. The people behind don't mind." The copper died from being kissed so much by motorists.

"Having auto trouble, mister?"

"No, I'm telling the nuts not to bolt so much."

Lawyer.

It's not that I am a dumb lawyer,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.
Stephan Franke, '25.

***This Wins the Barb
Wire Hairnet.***

Her has gone, her was went,

Her has left I all alone.

Can her never come to me,

Must me always go to she?

It can never was.

Mourning

The potato's eyes were full of tears,

And the cabbage hung its head.

For there was grief in the cellar that night,

For the vinegar's mother was dead.

***An Ode to the Allen-
Marion County Club***

What ever else may happen now

The country has gone dry;

The sailor still will have his port,

The farmer have his rye.

The cotton still will have its gin,

The seacoast have its bar.

And each of us will have a bier,

No matter who we are.

Sad Fish Story.

"A canny young fisher named Fisher
Once fished from the edge of a fissure.

A fish with a grin

Pulled the fisherman in—

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher."

A Defense of Egotism.

A man should blow his own big horn;

This right must not be mooted,

For if he does not blow his horn,

The same will not be tooted.

—Selected.

A Grouchy World.

This is a grouchy world. Ah, me!

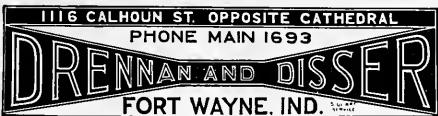
A fellow seldom laughs.

Why don't we wear the smile that we

Use in our photographs?

—Selected.

Oh, education, what sacrileges are committed in thy name!



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Religious Articles, Church, School,
Office and Stationery Supplies
Christmas Novelties and Cards

Watch Repairing

If you want your watch to be more than just an ornament, bring it to us. We will overhaul it and guarantee it for one year at a reasonable cost.

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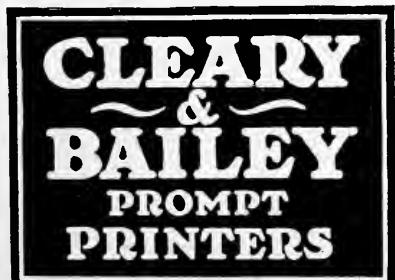
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JEWELER

1330 Calhoun Street

A True Fish Story

Just prior to a three-day vacation which was to be observed by practically every business house in the busy little town of Janesville, Wisconsin, two young men planned to take advantage of it by making use of a long-standing invitation from an old acquaintance of theirs.

He was an elderly farmer in the late sixties, named Hiram Berkley, and for several years past he had furnished a large amount of grain for the mill owned by the young men and through these dealings the three had become fast friends.

The event promised to be an enjoyable fishing trip, as their farmer friend was a life-long resident and guide in the lake regions of the northwest and was such an enthusiastic disciple of the "rod and reel" that he had a private lake abutting on his own personal property concerning which he had told numerous tales.

The two partners left on an early Saturday afternoon train with hopes of making a good catch before midnight. The distance was only a matter of about twenty-five miles, and in two hours' time they dreamed of being close to the shores of the lake ceaselessly swinging the casting rod in an effort to obtain a strike from the fighting bass and pickerel.

At exactly four twenty-eight, the whistle of the train sounded a shrill announcement of the approach of the little village of Sun Prairie. Five minutes later found them exchanging hearty handclasps with Hiram Berkley, their farmer friend. His raiment was suited to the occasion; his lanky figure enveloped in an ill-fitting suit of nightmare red—a striking counterpart of his deep auburn hair.

"Well, boys, the wind is coming

from the wrong direction this afternoon; no use hurrying, as fishing right now would be wasting time. I have to purchase a little 'grub' first, but will be with you in a few minutes, then we will drive home."

In a comparatively short time they were on the way to the farm. After about a two-mile ride from the village, they pulled into a long lane which was bordered on either side by large evergreen trees. On entering the farm-yard, the boys spied the lake, which lay down a hill several acres away. They had attempted to induce the farmer, on their way from the village, to at least try his luck, but the farmer explained again that any present effort would be vain. However, he thought by tomorrow morning, should the wind quiet itself, they could get up early before Mass and go down to the lake. Then they busied themselves with assisting him with the chores and after supper he informed them that an old-time barn-dance was being held a mile away at Joe Snyder's farm. Needless to state, with this knowledge the young men looked forward to a pleasurable evening and forgot about the lake with all the fish in it.

Shortly afterwards, the three made their way toward the festivities which, according to Hiram, was scheduled to begin at eight o'clock. On approaching they heard quaint strains of music, rendered by the "Sam Spiken's Haymakers' Orchestra," which included an accordian, first and second fiddles, banjo and traps.

The occasion brought together no less than one hundred of the neighboring farmers. Seemingly inexhaustible quantities of apples, cider and pumpkin pies formed the refreshments.

It was three o'clock before the crowd dispersed. On reaching the farm Hiram's first word was: "Boys.

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Park
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An Ad in "The Echo" is an Ad in the Home

no fishing today; the wind hasn't changed a bit, and furthermore, we would lose an awful lot of good sleep." Sleepy though they were, the boys at this were inclined to become discouraged, but became optimistic again with Hiram's assurance that within the next eight hours he was sure that the weather would become favorable and that only the "big ones" would jump for the fly.

At three a. m. on the last day of their visit, their dreams at last came true. Hiram aroused them from sleep with a vigorous, "Hurry, boys, I can hear the suckers splashing; it's a sure sign of big game."

Without any breakfast the three were on the lake within twenty minutes of the alarm. Hiram sat in the lower end of the boat and acted as coxswain. One of the boys stood up in the front ready to give his bamboo stick a vigorous swing as soon as Hiram gave the signal, while his partner rowed the boat. Slowly they proceeded up the lake, when the farmer suddenly warned them to drift for the long-awaited opportunity was at hand.

Z-z-zing! whistled the line as a pretty cast was made. No sooner had the bait touched the water when something began pulling harder and harder. He would reel in no more than a foot of line when the whale-like fish would tear away, taking with it a yard at a time. After about fifteen minutes of hard labor the young man asked for help. Just then the line released and snapped back as though made out of rubber. The fish escaped! Another cast was made; this time only a strike. Hiram chuckled and said, "Must have been under five pounds or else you would have landed it."

By eight o'clock the lucky trio had managed to catch eighteen of the finest fish in the lake. None less than three

pounds and two weighing ten pounds, while the others averaged better than five pounds. The boys were happy now; they thought they would have fish for dinner and supper and could take enough home to last them for a week.

It was not long later that the news spread over the entire town, everyone thinking it to be a real fish story, and were only convinced when the proprietors of the Janesville Mills had the photo of the aquatic animals reproduced in the weekly paper, together with a picture of old Hiram.

Carl H. Schwieters, '26.

Our Friend, the Dog

Dog friends have from the earliest of ages accompanied their masters on hunting and fishing trips. They have always been friends, true and faithful, and have saved lives in various ways. Throughout the recent World War they were brave, intelligent comrades; often defying death. Their fidelity and practical usefulness is a generally recognized fact; even to the business world. Police authorities today acknowledge the dog as an efficient and reliable burglar alarm. Theft and burglary insurance was recently diminished 10 per cent on premiums, where dogs were kept as "watchmen."

Recent statistics show that the dog is an equally reliable fire alarm. It has been estimated upon a fair statistical basis that dogs have saved property and real estate during 1923, the valuations of which would aggregate several millions of dollars.

And if a dog performs a useful service to mankind by saving his property, how much more valuable is his service when he saves his master's life? An apartment dog in New York recently saved the lives of many persons. "Gyp," as he was called, smelled

Automobile Tops Re-covered—Painting—Axles Straightened
Springs Welded—Bumps Taken Out of Bodies

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THE HEIT CANDY CO.

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the smoke. He barked and ran up and down the long corridors waking and rousing the slumbering occupants; nor was he fully content until every one had been safely removed from the blazing building. This incident portrays the staunchness and trueness of the apartment dog; qualities that are natural to every dog.

However, some people do not appreciate our friend, the dog. Some who do not own a dog and "wouldn't have one about the house" have a low opinion of Fido's or Prince's police utility. Those who wouldn't be without a dog under any circumstances have a comfortable feeling that their pet is as good as a police's whistle.

Respect our friend, the dog, and learn to realize his importance!

Gregory Nordenbrock, '24.

A Mean Short-Stop.

The seven o'clock whistle gave one long shrill note, and then slowly softened till it could be no longer heard. Out on the streets men could be seen here and there hustling to their work, but Ned Matthews, a student of St. John's High, was still lying in his bed.

Ned was not asleep; he was simply running his mind over the events of the day to come. Yes, today is the day, he thought. Coach Capter will pick his squad today. Surely I will be on it. A fellow that hit 470 with the Junior class team last year, and handled forty chances with but five errors, thereby leading the shortstops in St. John's League, cannot be left off the varsity squad, he mused. "I haven't been hitting so good in the practices, though," he thought, but he dismissed this idea from his mind, for he said, "a good hitter doesn't get his eyes set on the old pill until after a couple of real games." But then, too, there is Gebell

and Yoped, who are also trying for the shortstop berth. A quick and angry thought said, "After me, they come first."

Now his thoughts were interrupted by his mother calling, "Ned, get right up. It is almost seven-thirty."

The would-be shortstop finally convinced himself that he had better get out of bed, so he rose, dressed hurriedly, and went down and ate his breakfast with his two other younger brothers.

He arrived at school, and immediately walked up to the bulletin board. There were headlines at the top to show him that the baseball nine that would represent St. John's this year was selected. He quickly ran his eyes down to the position "shortstop," but the name across from it was Gebell. He could not believe his eyes, but it was true, he had failed to make the baseball team.

School that day was a plague to him and immediately after the last class he hurried home. Even at home he felt bothered. He had received a bitter disappointment that he never imagined would come his way. His father came home that night, as did the two little brothers, and the little fellows he nagged as a way to get even with the world. When at the table for supper one of them reached over to get some salt, he tipped over the glass of water that set before Ned, with the result that the liquid spilt all over Ned's new trousers. Ned arose and gave the younger Matthews two severe slaps on the head, one for spilling the water and the other for his own failure to make the baseball team.

His father then told Ned in a few words that he believed that one slap was enough and told Ned to leave the table and go upstairs without his supper. He said this forcefully enough that

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THE MYRON DOWNING BAKERY

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"It's Safer to Trade with Safer"

SAFER'S CLOTHING CO.

122 WEST MAIN ST.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Higher Education Means Higher Salaries

the Short-Stop went up on the fly.

The seven o'clock church bells rang that night, but this time Ned was in bed fast asleep.

MORAL: IN CASE OF A DISAPPOINTMENT, DON'T TAKE YOUR SPITE OUT ON A SMALLER MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

Clifton McCormick, '25.

A Joyous Easter.

It was the night before Easter that, amid the bustle and roar of the city, a youth of perhaps fifteen years of age, was calling out his wares.

Jimmie, small for his age, and a cripple, was half lying, half sitting on an old wheel chair in which he rolled himself about his corner. The upper part of his body was quite normal, but the lower—alas—was paralyzed. He had been injured in a fall from a tree. Two months before his misfortune, his father had disappeared. Troubles seemed to come in bunches into his little life and that of his mother and brother.

Before all the money had trickled out of the larder, physicians and surgeons had been called in to see Jimmie. They conversed among themselves and agreed that only a similar shock to the one he had received would cure him.

But as he sat there, thoughts of the morrow were passing in his mind.

"Would Easter have anything in store for him? Would it bring back his father? Well, if it didn't, he would be satisfied. He still had life, and for this he thanked the Almighty Creator."

While he was pondering thus, his eye caught a swiftly moving taxi, approaching his corner. It was swaying drunkenly in the gathering darkness, and Jimmie was barely able to discern the driver hunched over the wheel.

"Why doesn't the fool slow down?"

thought Jimmie. "Any one knows this is a dangerous corner." The mad man was now coming at a great rate of speed. Just before the car reached the corner, it skidded on the car tracks and upset. The terrific momentum of the machine rolled the cab over and over and at last crashed into the panic-stricken Jimmie.

"James, my son!" cried the father.

Jimmie awoke in the emergency hospital and looked around him. There stood his father above him, regarding him with anxious eyes. Then he remembered the accident and a frown crossed his face.

"The driver went suddenly insane, and tried to kill me," explained his father.

But Jimmie was not listening to his father. Instead a flash of joy crossed his smiling countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Redman.

"I can move my legs!" cried Jimmie.

"The shock was great enough to restore the nerves in my legs. My Easter's wish has been fulfilled. Father has come home and I will soon be able to walk." And he offered up a prayer for such wonderful happenings.

Eugene Husselman, '24.

A Word to the Wise.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial senimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Both Were Satisfied.

A Missouri livery stable keeper put his hand in a mule's mouth to see how many teeth the mule had. The mule closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. Thus was the curiosity of both man and mule satisfied.—Pittsburgh Leader.

The Peoples Trust and Savings Co.

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Alumni

Practically all the local members of the Alumni have visited the school recently. Those who missed the celebration on March 19 were here with bells on for the reception of the teams after the Chicago tournament. Many of the "College Boys" and out of town fellows called around during the Easter holidays.

We have had many requests for the complete list of names of the old "Grads," and since we haven't space to record the doings of each one in this issue, we decided to try the slogan:

***"Get Acquainted With the
Members of the Alumni"***

The Following Is a List of the Classical Graduates Since 1913.

Jerome Arnold, '20; Richard App, '21; Florian Arnold, '21; Leon Baker, '14; William Brennan, '15; Donald Beck, '16; Leo Behler, '16; Robert Beuret, '16; Joseph Brennan, '16; Justin Beuret, '17; Thomas Brennan, '17; Bernard Byanskie, '17; Ralph Blume, '18; Kilian Baker, '19; Alfred Brown, '19; Edward Bushman, '19; Paul Blee, '20; Robert Blee, '20; Edward Baker, '21; Aloysius Becker, '21; Paul Berning, '21; Maurice Boland, '21; Joseph Bopp, '22; James Belot, '23; Franklin Bishop, '23; Robert Boyle, '23; Edmund Bresnahan, '23; Louis Centlivre,

'14; Robert Casey, '17; Robert Clifford, '17; Robert Callahan, '18; Frank Carroll, '18; Harvey Conway, '18; Dallas Costello, '19; Edward Cunningham, '19; Herman Centlivre, '20; Gordon Conway, '20; Martin Cleary, '21; Herbert Conway, '21; Hugh Creigh, '21; Austin Centlivre, '23; Joseph Clifford, '23; Eugene Cull, '23; Stephen DeWald, '14; Howard Derck, '18; Frank Doriot, '19; Richard Deininger, '20; George DeWald, '21; Walter Dickerson, '22; Patrick Donahue, '23; Maurice Elliot, '21; Frank Flaherty, '16; Paul Foohey, '16; Harry Fahlsing, '17; Raymond Franke, '17; Julian Franke, '20; Jack Fox, '21; Clarence Fields, '22; William Foohey, '22; Joseph Fitzgerald, '22; Aurilius Fink, '23; George Fitzgerald, '23; Maurice Fox, '23; Charles Girardot, '13; Clarence Getz, '16; Rudolph Gordon, '17; Frank Gruber, '19; William Gocke, '20; Robert Gordon, '21; George Gordon, '23; Thomas A. Hayes, '13; J. Dawson Hayes, '13; Thomas Huguenard, '14; Daniel Haley, '16; Charles Harkenrider, '16; Wayne Hart, '17; Aaron Huguenard, '18; George Hamilton, '19; Cornelius Hayes, '19; James Hunting, '20; Ivo Herber, '21; John Haley, '22; Clyde Hanson, '22; John Hedekin, '22; Walton Hedekin, '23; John Huguenard, '23; Orlo Kelker, '16; Fred Kelly, '17; Clarence Kinder, '17;

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seph Ryan, '16; Frank Rogers, '17; Vincent Riley, '18; Florian Ryder, '18; Bernard Roth, '21; Robert Rinehart, '23; William Ryan, '23; Emmett Sorg, '15; Aloysius Schmidt, '17; Edward Sullivan, '18; Leo Suelzer, '19; Joseph Streifus, '21; Thomas Shea, '20; Raymond Stephan, '21; Carl Schiffli, '22; Joseph Schneider, '22; Adolph Schiffli, '23; Albert Schoenle, '23; Maurice Smith, '23; Robert Suelzer, '23; Joseph Tompkins, '13; Anthony Trapp, '17; Stephen Weber, '13; Don Weber, '14; Frank Wyss, '14; John Wyss, '14; Leo Weber, '16; Harry Wiener, '16; Joseph Wilkinson, '16; Aloysius Wyss, '17; John Welch, '18; Clarence Wyss, '18; Clifford Ward, '19; Carl Yaste, '18; Raymond Young, '21; Joseph Zuber, '19; Stewart Zurbuch, '19; Nester Zurbuch, '20.

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The Last Lap.

Have you ever missed a golden opportunity? If so, you can form a fair estimate of what these last two months of school mean to a student. They are his golden opportunity.

After the April exams are disposed of, June and the finals will come sooner than expected. We, everyone of us, should stop to consider what this short time means to us.

Within the next two months a decision must be made which will determine whether we have made sufficient progress; whether we are capable of being promoted to a higher studies or of fulfilling all that is required in the June finals. Then we will experience either victory or defeat; victory if we pass but defeat if we fail in the finals.

Many are the allurements and enticements offered by Spring's balmy days to distract us from study; from the call of duty. Those who follow their inclinations and yield to the temptations of these allurements do not realize the loss that they will later regret. But on the other hand, they who properly reflect what this golden opportunity means to them will employ their most earnest efforts to be victors instead of vanquished.

What does it mean to win or lose? He who has the winning spirit will be eager to encounter the June finals. He knows that his self-reliance will bring him successfully past all danger. But how disheartened is he who loses! He remembers the last two months of the school year throughout his life. He knows that he has wasted a year's time by allowing this "golden opportunity" to pass unheeded and apparently unwanted.

G. Nordenbrock, '24.

Seniors and the Last Lap.

Three years of care-free, high school life have passed, and now we are on the final lap. Three years of happiness, now our minds must turn toward serious thoughts of our future vocation.

Why have we been attending this old school on the corner? To keep us out of mischief? To keep us off the streets? In a measure, yes. But the main and important reason has been to educate ourselves for our own social betterment.

Of what use to the world is one who depends entirely on the progress of the people around him? That person is nothing but a parasite living on the community, a burden to every one he meets. Who is desirous of being one of these?

We Seniors have arrived at that period in life where we must sink or swim. We must apply what has been taught us or we must waste our knowledge. Those who have decided what their vocation is going to be will probably continue their studies in college. The ones who are not so fortunate must depend entirely upon themselves.

But after these high school days, all pleasure is not lost. In years to come, it will be a great pleasure for us to sit and dream of the wonderful times we had in these four short years. Of the picnics, of the dances, of the jokes that were pulled on the fellows, and last but not least, the free days that were so looked forward to.

Will we think then, or we sometimes do know, that our time was wasted? No, for we will not realize until that time has come, that these, our high school days, have been the most important of our life.

Eugene Husselman, '24.

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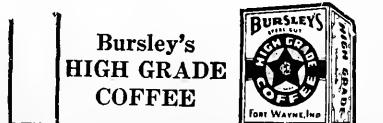
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